

# THE CONFESSION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### WHO WOULD NOT BE A DOLLAR?

MR. EDITOR,—Passing by the Brauch Bank of this city one day last week, I observed its inmates tumbling out of doors a goodly number of kegs of *white boys*—by my troth, they knocked them about with as little grace as the grave digger in Hamlet does the skull, and appeared to think they were worth no more. I thought the horses seemed to feel the true dignity of their situation more than their drivers or employers. There was one whose carriage was particularly noble; he was a bright bay, and whether it was a *span* new harness which finely fitted his well turned limbs, or the consciousness of the weight of responsibility thrown upon him, I knew not, but as each successive keg struck the dray to which he was attached, he threw his head high in air, stretched himself out, and ever and anon pawed the earth with his hoofs, and seemed anxious to depart.

How unlike new-reasoning, intelligent man, is that horse, thought I: day after day and year after year, the former frets and worries in the dray of business, and to the last moments of his existence, *neighs* at the world for not placing on more weight for him to drag to the brink of the grave.

As I wended my way up Wall-street, my wise head was filled with such crude ideas as the above, but did not prevent me from concluding, after much mature deliberation, and carefully weighing the pro's and cons—that if I was not Jonathan I should wish to be a dollar. A paper or silver dollar, there is the rub. I like the looks of the double X's, so I do those that have one straight mark, and two or three little O's rolling after them: but still I should prefer to be a bright silver dollar—not a Spanish dollar, with the head of a king on it.—No! I am so much of the true blue for that, but a U.S. dollar, with the eagle on one side, and Liberty and the stars on the other.—With such a fine expression of countenance, who could wag his way through the world better than your humble subscriber.

From him,

"Who knows no music but the dollar's clink,"

would I remove far away. I would have no dealings with him; my fine person should never be immured for years perhaps, merely to gratify the cupidity of so great a churl.—To the profligate and vicious my acquaintance should be equally limited. Neither would I lend my aid to support the female lost to virtue and honor. The pockets of the idle spendthrift who knows my value only as it contributes to his pleasures, should never be garnished by me. No! better deeds I would accomplish. In the asylum of the poor and needy would I reside, to dry the tear of the widow, and make glad the hearts of the fatherless—should be my peculiar province. Melancholy should retreat at my approach, and joy light up the face of the mourner. Nor this be all; among the newspaper printers I would be a second Robin Rough-head: it should be one long play-day with you; that is what I would do if I was a dollar, and not

JONATHAN.

*The Mails.* Among the reasons given for the irregular arrival of the Southern Mail is, that the drivers on the Connecticut line, stop to peddle tin ware.

Boston Palladium.

LINES WRITTEN ON RE-VISITING CASTLE GARDEN,

LATE IN THE AUTUMN.

I wearied of my pen and book

So threw them both aside,

And wandered out beneath the stars,

Those islands in the upper tide:

The murmur of the restless sea

Came on the chilly blast,

And autumn's sere and faded leaves

Fell silently and fast.

The gates of Castle Garden swung

On open hinges; no flag there,

Over the silent pathway flung

Its bright folds to the air:—

I entered in—no swelling sound

Of music met the ear,

Nor bugle's lolly peal went round

The arches lone and drear;

The naked flag-staff from the walls,

As erst, still pointed to the sky,

But the lustre of the pictured halls

No longer met the inquiring eye;

And where the once rejoicing throng

Stood in the blaze of light,

Now only ruin breathes her song

Through all the dreary night.

The stars in beauty yet look down,

The moon still sheds her ray,

But colder, gloomier than a frown,

They only smile decay.

The spirit of the scene, that erst

Looked on with rosy smiles,

That echoed every music burst,

Along you sleeping isles,

Has wandered on her plumes of light,

In reach of sunnier skies,

Where, ever warm, and clear, and bright,

The waveless ocean lies.

I did not leave the scene until

A lesson I had read,

From Time; who, on a pinion still,

And with unceasing tread,

Remorselessly had swept away

The beauties of a summer's day:—

Flung o'er those gorgeous scenes his spell,

Nor left a single voice to tell

Of mirth that once was here,

Save the shrill whistling of the gale,

That, like a sorrowing spirit's wail,

Sighs to the parting year.

Like the fair scenes this garden knew,

Life's visions all decay,

They, with the flowers and early dew,

Ere day-cloze fade away:

Time—Time sweeps on, and all our bright,

And gala-visioned hopes depart—

The wing of years shuts out the light

That once streamed in upon the mind,

And only leaves in gloom behind,

The withered roses of the heart!

H. G.

The following is inscribed on a bell now on board *sehr*. China. It is for the Cathedral at Baltimore, and weighs 4200. The style of the workmanship is superior:—

La Tres Sainte Ambrosius Marichal—  
Archebiscopus Baltimoreensis Tertius—  
Ponere Curavit. Pius VII.—Leo XII.—Pius VIII.—Faita a Lyon—Par Joseph Trezejean,  
MDCCCXXX.

## VARIETY.

*A Good Shot.* One of the best shots I ever heard of, was made with a percussion gun. About ten or twelve years ago, an Eastern shore vessel was frozen up in this river, and her provisions exhausted, the Captain went on shore to see "how the land laid;" in other words, to make a reconnaissance of hen roosts. Old Mrs. —, who was celebrated for the number of her domestic fowls, could not bargain with the Capt. for any of his "assorted cargo;" at length he agreed to give a silver dollar for a shot among the poultry, and agreed to shoot a gun without a flint—this was accepted by the old lady, provided she loaded the gun, which she stipulated to do fairly. Capt. Bobstay, who was up to a thing or two, went on board, took down old blue trigger, (just altered to the percussion principle) a large silver-sighted trumpet-muzzled gun, imported before the revolution to shoot swans on the Potomac, put in six fingers clear of the wads, then cut off the ramrod level with the muzzle, and returned on shore, reinforced by his mate and cook. The old lady, after

trying the ramrod, very deliberately took off a small thimble, which she used as a charger, and having loaded with a thimble full of powder and an equal quantity of shot, delivered the gun to Capt. Bobstay, who then placed six fence-rails in two rows at a foot distance, and baiting with corn between them: so soon as the poultry mounted the rails and began to feed, with their heads between the rows, Bobstay took a position so as to enfilade the whole defile—slap, bang, went Old Blue Trigger, with a most horrid explosion. Huzza for Old Blue Trigger, shouted the Captain—huzza, shouted the mate—huzza, shouted the cook—"God have mercy on me," said the old lady—hiss, went the geese—gobble, gobble, went the turkeys—quack, quack, quack, went the ducks. Seventeen turkeys, nine geese, five ducks, thirteen chickens, and the house pig, were the fruits of Captain Bobstay's exploit.—*Sporting Magazine.*

*Character of Wilkie.* He is to Scotland in painting, what Burns and Ramsay are in poetry—he has all their humour, their wit, their happy talent in grouping, and can stamp his canvass readily with the facetious or the sad, the moral or the satiric. Indeed, his exquisite pictures of the 'Village Politicians,' the 'Reading of the Will,' 'The Blind Fiddler,' 'The Rent-Day,' and 'The Penny Wedding,' are in the very best spirit of these eminent poets; and he who reads the second and third cantos of the 'Christ Kirk on the Green,' or Burns's 'Two Dogs,' must be sensible that the poets and the painter are "in imagination all compact." Like these distinguished Scotsmen—and more particularly Burns—he elevates the commonest scene by his ready fancy, and stamps it off for the admiration of the world, by the magic of his art. In painting the scenes of many colored life, he seeks not the way to our hearts by vulgar aggravation, or laughable caricature—he despises such buffoonery, and accomplishes his wishes by a soberer and better way. He is wholly free from affectation; all is easy, unembarrassed, may graceful. He is not the apostle of one order of feelings; he is the painter of human nature; he knows that the world is neither ever-grave nor ever-laughing—that mirth and tears are near relations—that, in the holiest scenes, there are little levities, and in the merriest meetings, the materials for sadness. He has accordingly given to all his pictures the varied aspect of social nature; and this accounts for his great popularity abroad as well as at home—he cannot owe all his fame to the beauty of his grouping, and the delicacy of his finish.—*Athenaeum.*

*Meditations on a Brickbat.*—Thou friable fragment of indurated mud! low dost thou lie, and lonely, on the seared sword, parted from thy fellows, and bearing about thee but a frail memorial of thy former companionship, in this thin streak of dried, crumbling lime, adhering still to thy superior end. What wast thou in by-gone times? There is paint upon thy phiz—red paint! Wert placed upon some cottage hearth, and often scrubbed and polished by the rosy dame, who after proudly trod upon thy face; or wert thou jammed within the inale-cheek, a thing for walnuts to be cracked upon, or pipes thereon to be unashed, or cider flurons to be knocked adry? Wert stationed in some palace wall, where, hadst thou ears, as stone walls have, much matter of sage import, unrevealed, did wait thy listening, and many silly nothings tired thy quick tympany? Hast thou enjoyed but one condition in thy whole existence? or hast thou been the sport of fate, and tasted all the ills of life, from poverty abject to gorgeous epulence? and which dost thou prefer? Come let's philosophize; thou art a broken thing—where is thine other half, where the companion of thy earlier days, the sharer of thy doom, for worse or better? Once, I perceive, thou holdest close alliance with sundry of thy species; did they desert thee when thy fortunes broke? wert thou cast out, thou and thine other part, because ye filled not longer, elegantly, your allotted space? or how earnest thou hither—here, far in the unpeopled glade, without a wall or chimney in the longest vista? Didst ever break a villain's head? or wert thou ever bruised through contact with some iron-hearted Hank's pate, whereon thou fellest in just but disappointed vengeance? Alas poor outcast! like him thou art but clay, and unto clay like him, thou comest.

Boston Advocate.

Friendship stands in need of all help, care, confidence, and complaisance; if not supplied with these, it expires.

'Tis the glory or the merit of some men to write well; and of others not to write at all.

From the Journal of Health.

## STEAM DOCTORING.

We are indebted to the Wreath, an entertaining weekly paper, edited by Dr. Lucius O'Brien, and published at Fell's Point, Baltimore, for the following sportive notice of an extended and mischievous branch of quackery. The co-umate impudence, and self-satisfied ignorance of the steam practitioners, would be irresistibly comic, as a mere matter of speculative absurdity, did not their proceedings involve questions of health and life, which are too often comprised by these self-styled illuminati. We shall endeavour, ere long, to show them up in their true colors.

Baltimore, November, 1830.

DEAR TIM: I embrace the present opportunity of writing to you, by Nathan Wilkins, who tells me that you and Beckey, and all the folks is well, and I am glad to say I am as well as ever I was in my life. But Tim, I suppose you have been wondering what I came to town for, and what I have been doing these eleven weeks; why Tim, the fact is, I am learning the *Steam Doctoring Business*. Now you will hardly believe me when I tell you that in three weeks more I shall get a certificate from my Boss—No, that's what I used to call Jim Vulcan, my old master, and a professional man calls his boss a preceptor. Well, as I was saying, in three weeks I shall get a paper to prove that I am able to cure any kind of sickness whatsoever. So you may advise Doctor Balus, and Doctor Una, and Doctor Exastosis, and Doctor Phalangia, and the whole raft of them to get ready and pack up their duds and bolt off to the western country, as I intends to do all the practice in that part of the country that they doctor in; in fact, I don't believe they will want any other doctor in the whole country but me. But Tim you would be astonished to see what wonderful doctoring this *Steam Business* is; its sure to kill or cure right off, and don't keep people in misery; besides, it is so easily learned; in about three months a person can learn to cure any disease, and draw teeth in the bargain, and bleeding besides,—(but bleeding is verrey seldom necessary)—and another thing is, it don't cost so much as the old kind of doctoring; I don't suppose it will cost father more than one hundred dollars for my learning to be a doctor, that is, counting board, clothes and all, and I have got a bran new suite of black, since I have been in town; I believe the coat cost fifteen dollars; don't tell Beckey though, for I want to surprise her; she won't call me Chris Black-face when she sees me agin, for I don't look like I used to do when I was a blacksmith's Boy; no body calls me Chris here, they all call me *Doctor Costive*.

But Tim, I tell you what I mean to do, I'll come out in the country, set up an office, an I am shure to make a fortin in no time; besides, I mean to marry your sister Beckey next spring, and I shall be the biggest bug in the whole country, and in fact shall be the hapiest fellow in the whole world.—Farewell till I see you. Yours,

CHRISTOPHER COSTIVE.

To Timothy Thump.

*A subject for the Pencil.* In the autumn of 1632, says Johnson, but in 1633 according to Winthrop and Morton the small pox commenced among the Massachusetts Indians. Winter had no effect in checking the disease; "yet the English Endeavoring to visit their sick wigwags, helped them all they could but as they entered one of their matted Houses, they beheld a most and specious death having suffered them all save one poor infant, which lay on the ground sucking the breast of its dead Mother, seeking to draw living nourishment from her dead breast." The contrast of this case, as well as of one parallel to it, were commemorated by George Withers, a paritan, in a poem of eight cantos, descriptive of the plague in London of 1625, printed in 1628:

"Whilst in her arms the mother thought she kept  
Her infant safe, Death stole him when she slept.  
Sometime he took her mother's life away,  
And left the little babe to lie and play  
With her cold breast,—and childish game to make  
About those eyes which never more shall wake."

Mr Lewis, in his interesting History of Lynn, published last year, records an incident as affecting as either of the above. In July, 1802, the lightning struck a house in that town, proving instantly fatal to Mr. Miles Shory and his wife, two of the nineteen inmates. "An infant, which Mrs. Shory held in her arms, was found with its hair scorched, and its little finger nails slightly burned, crawling near the breast of its mother, endeavouring to obtain the food of its life from fountains that were sealed. She is yet living, the wife of Mr. Samuel Farrington, in Frou street."

*Martin Harris*, one of the original Mormon prophets, arrived in the village last Saturday, on his way to the "Holy Land." He says he has seen Jesus Christ, and that "he is the handsomest man he ever did see." He has also seen the Devil, whom he describes to be a very sleek haired fellow, with four feet, and a head like a Jackass.

## MISCELLANY.

## DANIEL BOON.

Daniel Boon, was not, as Byron seems to have imagined, when drawing his fanciful sketch of him, a misanthrope, who retired to the woods because he was disgusted with the world. He was a man of social and benevolent feelings, of mild and unassuming manners and of strict integrity. He was bold and daring, deeply imbued with the spirit of adventure, and gifted with an uncommon share of that cool indomitable courage, which can neither be daunted nor surprised, which is seldom excited into rashness, or chilled into despondency, and which enabled its possessor to act with calmness in every emergency.

He was born in Maryland. Reared in a thinly populated part of that state, he was accustomed from his youth to range through the forest; and climb the mountains with his gun, joining the amusement of hunting with the pursuits of agriculture, as is usual with our frontier settlers. From Maryland he emigrated to Virginia, and thence to North Carolina, and was married and settled in life before he commenced those perilous adventures which have rendered his name so celebrated among his countrymen.

Previous to the year 1767, the country west of the mountains was but little known to the American people. The French and Spaniards had partially explored the Valley of the Mississippi; some of them having ascended that river from its mouth, and others having penetrated from Canada into the country which is watered by its tributary streams. Among those persons were officers of reputation, and well educated ecclesiastics, who were fully competent to the task of describing what they saw, they were well received by the natives, who had not, at that early period, imbibed that distrustful jealousy, which has since distinguished their intercourse with the white. But the published accounts of these explorers although they evince research and talent, are strangely disfigured by the most visionary exaggerations, which are however to be attributed to the superstitious spirit of the times, rather than to any intentions to deceive, on the part of the writers. That part of the western country which is watered by the Ohio, was but little known to the Spaniards or French. The latter established Fort du Quesne, at the head of this river, and navigated the beautiful stream through its whole extent; but they do not seem to have explored its shores. They were either not good judges of the value of land who could pass by the fertile soil of Kentucky and Ohio, or else their views being chiefly political, led them to select for their settlements and military posts, which they thought likely to become the most important as military positions, without reference to the fitness of the surrounding country for the purpose of agriculture. Previous to the revolution, several of our citizens visited the country about the head waters of the Ohio, but no person is known to have penetrated into the forests of Kentucky, previous to the year 1767: when a Mr. Finley, of North Carolina is said to have travelled to the falls of Ohio. This enterprising man who is entitled to the credit of being the first explorer of Kentucky, returned a second time to that country, accompanied by Daniel Boon; but the adventures of the former are but little known, and his name is almost forgotten; while the wonderful achievements and miraculous escapes of the latter, have given him a lasting fame.

From these sources, from hunters who had obtained partial glimpses of this wilderness, and from the Indians, were obtained the only information which the American people then possessed, of the existence and character of that fertile tract of country which now forms the state of Kentucky. Its boundaries had been traced, but its interior was wholly unknown.

Inflamed with curiosity by what he had seen and heard of a region surpassing in richness and beauty, abounding in game, and loaded with fruit, Boon determined to explore it; and in 1769 set out with one companion. They found the country filled with hostile savages, against whom they were obliged to keep a continual guard. They wandered with stealthy steps by day, and at night crept into the most secret coverts for repose; practising the arts of savage life for subsistence, and the stratagems of savage warfare for protection. One morning they were surprised, and taken prisoners by the Indians, plundered of all they possessed, and led by a painful march to the distant retreat of the captors. On the eighth day of their captivity, they escaped, and returned to their desolate camp; where being destitute of guns, ammunition, or food, and separated from the nearest settlement of the whites by a wilderness of several hundreds of miles in extent, and by a range of hideous mountains, which no human foot but that of the daring hunter had ever trod, they must have perished, had they not providentially met with a brother of Boon, who had followed him and brought supplies. Stewart, the companion of Boon, was soon after killed in a skirmish

with the Indians; and the brothers, having erected a cabin of poles and bark, spent the winter in Kentucky. In the Spring of 1770, the brother returned to North Carolina, leaving Daniel alone in the woods, the only white man in Kentucky. If any proof was wanting of the ardor with which Boon pursued his designs or the courage which he imparted to others, it would be found in this separation of the brothers, the one singly undertaking a painful and dangerous journey, and the other remaining alone, in the midst of thousands of enemies, who eagerly sought his life, and who daily traced his footsteps with unwearied hostility. The intrepid pioneer continued to rove through the wilderness, subsisting upon game, and eluding the Indians by cunning devices, until his brother returned, in the July of the same year. They explored the country together, during the remainder of that year, again wintered in the forest, and in the Spring of 1771 returned to their families.

If we are tempted to wonder at the former achievements of Boon, his next adventure must increase our admiration. In the autumn of 1773, he returned to Kentucky, with his family, accompanied by forty-two other persons. If formerly he was alone, he was also unincumbered. He now brought his furniture, farming utensils, and cattle, and was surrounded by females and children. His party seems to have been too small to meet the enemy in open warfare; and it was too large, and too heavily burdened, to escape by flight or concealment. They advanced, however, with confidence, and had penetrated some distance into the wilderness, when they were attacked by a large party of Indians; and six of the emigrants, including the eldest son of Boon were killed. The savages were beaten off, but the cattle of the whites were dispersed, and themselves so much disheartened, that they retired to the settlements on Clinch river; where Boon continued to hunt until June, 1774. At this time he was employed by the Governor of Virginia, to conduct from the falls of Ohio, a party of surveyors, whose stay there had been rendered unsafe by the recent hostilities of the Indians. With one companion, he made his way in safety to the falls, and conducted the surveyors into the settlement.

The Shawnees, and other tribes, having attacked the frontiers settlements of Niagara, Boon was appointed, with the rank of Captain, to the charge of three contiguous posts; and continued to discharge this duty until peace was made with the Indians. We next find this indefatigable man, attending a meeting of the tribes south of the Kentucky river, as the agent of Henderson and company, and treating with them for the purchase of all their lands in that district of country. He met them in 1775, made the purchase, and on his return was appointed to head the party sent to take possession of the lands. He now opened a road to Kentucky; was attacked while thus employed, by the Indians; fought his way to Kentucky river, and erected a fort where the town of Boonsborough now stands.

Having again carried his family to Kentucky, the only permanent residence of Boon for many years from this time, was at his "Station," for such was the name which was given in the new settlement to the rude fortresses to which the earliest emigrants resorted for protection. Other adventurers followed, and settled around him, looking up to him as their shield in danger, and at all times as their counsellor and guide. The savages continued to annoy them with unremitting hostility, sometimes laying siege to the fort, frequently attempting to surprise it, and at all other times lurking about in small parties, waylaying the hunters, assailing those engaged in agriculture, and capturing the females and children under the very walls of the fort. We should exceed our limits, and unnecessarily shock the feelings of the reader, if we were to detail all the achievements of Boon, the privations of himself and his companions, and the barbarities of their unrelenting foes. He continued for years to sustain himself in the midst of danger, displaying in every emergency that consummate capacity, and patient courage, which elevated him above ordinary men; and distinguished by a gentleness of manners, and benevolence of heart and action, which secured the affections of his friends, and won respect even from his ferocious enemies.

In 1776, one of his daughters, and two of the daughters of Colonel Calloway, were captured, near the fort by the Indians, and carried off. Boon pursued, and after a chase of two days, retook, and brought them back uninjured. Such adventures were not unfrequent. In the same year, Boon himself was surprised, with twenty-seven of his men, while making salt, and taken prisoners. They were carried to Chillicothe, divided among their captors, and marched off in different directions. Boon himself was taken to Detroit, where Hamilton, the British Governor, offered a large sum for his ransom. The Indians refused to liberate him at any price; yet while they thus justly appreciated his character as a warrior, he so won upon them by his free untamed spirit, and

manly bearing, that they resolved to spare his life. He was adopted into one of their families, and allowed to accompany them in the chase. He accommodated himself cheerfully to his new life, and won the friendship of the chief king of the nation, by treating him with great deference, and always presenting him with a part of the spoils of his hunt. The Indians whom he had often foiled in war, and now found that he excelled them in hunting and in all the arts of savage life were flattered by this deportment on the part of so mighty a warrior; and at last they began to watch him less narrowly. He remained with them about six months, when discovering that an expedition was about marching against Boonsborough, he put in execution a long meditated plan of escape. He sallied forth as if to hunt, and took the direction of Boonsborough. In less than five days he travelled 160 miles, in which distance he crossed the Ohio, and other large rivers; and he made but one meal upon the journey. He found the fort badly prepared for the impending attack, and the garrison dispirited. He soon infused into others his own gallant feelings, and prepared for an obstinate resistance. The savage army, nearly 500 strong, soon arrived, bearing the British flag and commanded by Canadian officers; for the revolutionary war had now commenced, and our great father beyond the water, in the fullness of his parental solitude, had employed the tomahawk of the red men against his rebellious children. Boon failed them in negotiation, and beat them in fight. In a rude enclosure, composed of stakes driven into the ground and without artillery, he repelled, for twelve days, the assaults of a force six times as great as his own, and finally compelled the enemy to retire. The Kentuckians are justly proud of this achievement as one of the brightest in the annals of their state.

From this time the forests of Kentucky began to be rapidly peopled. The settlers came in small parties, and spread over the whole country, each little colony erecting its own fort, and appointing its own leader.

The Indians continued to harass them. The latter were now more than ever, inflamed with rage and jealousy against the Americans, by the arts of the British agents, who supplied them with arms and ammunition, bribed them to hostility by valuable presents, and poisoned their minds by incendiary speeches. The whole district of Kentucky exhibited scenes of bloodshed. Boon, with a few other leaders, were constantly employed in defending the country. In 1780, three counties were organized in this district; civil and military officers were appointed; and those acts which had hitherto been voluntarily performed by private individuals, began to emanate from the body politic. Daniel Boon received the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel.

In 1782 a grand assemblage of the Indian tribes was held at Chillicothe, at which McNece and Girty, two British agents, infamous for their bloody counsels, and abandoned character, were present. Girty played the orator, and succeeded in rousing the savages to feelings of bitter vengeance. They planned a combined attack by all the tribes who were represented at the council, against the whites. They burst into the settlements, led by the detestable Girty, and for a time swept all before them. They met the first effectual resistance at Bryant's Station, where the Indians and Canadians amounting to 600, were repelled with great loss, by a garrison of 12 Kentuckians. The savages retreated to the Blue Licks, to which place they were pursued by a party of 160 men hastily collected by Col. Todd and Tripp. The odds in point of numbers between this force, and that of Girty, was greatly in favor of the latter. But the Kentuckians were brave and high spirited; the veteran Boon was among them and they burned to chastise their murderous invaders. Col. Boon endeavored to check their impetuous ardor. He gave it as his opinion, that the enemy there more than doubled them in number, and were placed in ambush. He devised a plan by which the advantage of position would be taken from them and transferred to his own party; and by which the cunning stratagem of the former, would be opposed by devices equally artful. He was overruled by the younger and more impetuous spirits around him; and a battle was fought, for the result of which Kentucky did not cease to mourn for many years.

It was not until the year 1794, when the Indians were signally defeated by Gen. Wayne, that peace was established on this frontier. Boon had now been in Kentucky twenty-five years, during the whole of which time he had been actively and honorably engaged, as the pioneer, the warrior, the leader, and the patriarch, of the new settlements. Things now began to wear a new aspect. Civil regulations were enforced, the distinctions of society were introduced, and personal rights were legally adjudicated. By this change Boon was the greatest loser. Though the most upright and peaceable of men, he was, by the dis-

esty of others, involved in law-suits; and all his hard earned possessions, even the land purchased with his blood, were swept away. Thus left desolate in his old age, the veteran woodsman shouldered his rifle and his axe, and again plunged into the wilderness. Passing through the whole extent of the territories of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, he fixed his abode on the northern frontier of the latter.

"Here," says Mr. Flint, whose account we have chiefly followed in this brief compilation, "on a river with a course of something more than a thousand leagues, all through wilderness ample, and a pleasant range was opened to his imagination. We saw him on those banks. With thin grey hair, a high forehead, a keen eye, a cheerful expression, a singularly bold confirmation of countenance and breast, and a sharp commanding voice; with a creed for the future, embracing not many articles beyond his red rival hunters, he appeared to us the same Daniel Boon, if one may use the expression, *jerked and dried* to high preservation, that we had figured as the wanderer in the woods, and the slayer of bears and Indians. He could no longer well decry the wild turkey on the trees, but his eye still kindled at the hunter's tale; and he remarked that the population on that part of the Missouri was becoming too dense, and the farms too near each other for comfortable range; and that he never wished to reside in a place, where he could not fall trees enough into his yard to keep up his winter's fire. Dim as was his eye it would not have been difficult, we apprehend to have obtained him as a volunteer on a hunting expedition over the Rocky Mountains. No man ever exemplified more strongly, 'the ruling passion strong in death.'"

Daniel Boon died in 1823; public honors have been paid to his name in several states, and the western people cherish his memory with respect.

Illinois Monthly Magazine.

## A TOAD IN A HOLE.

The friars of Fairbairn were assembled in a chamber adjoining the great hall of the house; the Abbot was seated in his chair of eminence, and all eyes were turned on Father Nicodemus. Not a word was uttered, until he who seemed to be the object of so much interest, at length ventured to speak. "It becometh not one of my years, perchance," said he, "to disturb the silence of my elders and superiors; but, truly, I know not what meaneth this meeting; and surely my desire to be edified is lawful. Hath it been decided that we should follow the example of our next door neighbors, the Armenian friars, and henceforth be tongue-tied? If not, do we come here to eat, or pray, or hold council? Ye seem somewhat to grope for those bidden to a feast, and there lurk too many smiles about the faces of many of ye, for this your silence to be a prelude to prayers. I cannot think we are about to consult on ought; because, with reverence be it spoken, those who pass for the wisest among us, look more silly than is their wont. But if we be here to eat, let us eat; if to pray, let us pray; and if to hold council, what is to be the kindly subject of our debate?"

"Thyself," replied the Abbot.  
"On what score?" inquired Nicodemus.  
"On divers scores," quoth the abbot; "thy misdeeds have grown rank; we must even root them out of thee, or not thee out of our fraternity, on which thou art bringing contumely. I tell thee, brother Nicodemus, thy offences are numberless as the weeds which grow by the way-side. Here be many who have much to say of thee; speak, Brother Ulick!"

"Brother Nicodemus," said Father Ulick, "hath, truly, ever been a gross feeder."

"And a lover of deep and most frequent potatoes," quoth Father Edmund.

"And a roamer beyond due bounds," added Father Hugo.

"Yea, and given to uttering many fictions," muttered his brother.

"Very valuable also, and not altogether of so staid aspect, as becometh one of his order and mellow years," drawled Father James.

"To speak plainly, a glutton," said the first speaker.

"Ay, and a drunkard," said the second.

"Moreover, a night-walker," said the third.

"Also, a liar," said the fourth.

"Finally, a babbler and a buffoon," said the fifth.

"Ye rate me roundly, brethren," said Nicodemus; "and, truly, were ye my judges, I should speedily be convicted of these offences whereof I am accused; but not a man among you is fitted to sit in judgment on the special misfeasance with which he chargeth me. And I will reason with you, and tell you why. Now, first, to deal with Brother Ulick, who upbraided me with gross feeding: until he can prove that his stomach and mine are of the same quality, calibre and power digestive, I will not, without protest, permit him to accuse me of devouring swinishly. He is of so poor and weak a frame, that he cannot eat ought but sopplets, without suffering the



pangs of indigestion, and the nocturnal visits of incubi, and more sprites than tempted Saint Anthony. It is no virtue in him to be abstemious; he is enforced to avoid eating the tithe of what would be needful to a man of moderate stomach; and behold, how lean he looks! Next, Brother Edmund hath twitted me with being a deep drinker: now, it is well known, that Brother Edmund must not take a second cup after his repast; being so puny of brain, that if he do, his head is packed with myriads of pains and aches on the morrow, and it lieth like a log on his shoulder. If perchance he be enabled to rise from his pallet. Shall he, then, pronounce dogmatically on the quantity of potatoes lawful to a man in good health? I say, nay. Brother Hugo, who chargeth me with raving, is lame; and his brother, who saith that I am an utterer of fictions, hath a brain which is truly incompetent to create an idea, or to comprehend a fact. Brother James, who arraigneth me of volubility, passeth for a sage pillar of the church; because, having naught to say, he looks grave and holds his peace. I will be tried, if you will, by Brother James, for gross feeling; he having a good digestion and an appetite equal to mine own; or by Brother Hugo, for drinking abundantly; inasmuch as he is wont to solace himself, under his infirmity, with a full flask; or by Brother Ulick, for the utterance of fiction, because he hath written a history on some of the Fathers, and admireth the blossoms of the brain; or by Brother Edmund, for not being sufficiently sedate; and as he is, truly, a comfortable talker himself, and although forced to eschew wine, of a most cheerful countenance. By Hugo's brother I will be tried on no charge; seeing that he is, was, and ever will be—in charity I speak it—an egregious fool. Have ye ought else to set up against me brethren?"

"Much more, Brother Nicodemus," said the Abbot, "much more to our sorrow. The cry of our vassals hath come up against thee; and it is now grown so loud and frequent, that we are unwillingly enforced to assume our authority, as their lord and thy superior, to redress their grievances and correct thy errors."

"Correct me?" exclaimed Father Nicodemus: "why, what say the rogues? Dare they throw blur, blain, or blemish on my good name? Would that I might hear one of them?"

"Thou shalt be gratified: call in John of the Hough."

In a few moments John of the Hough appeared with his head bowed up, and looking alarmed as a recently punished hound when brought again into the presence of him by whom he has been chastised.

"Fear not," said the Abbot; "fear not, John of the Hough, but speak boldly; and our benison or malediction be on thee, as thou speakest true or false."

"Father Nicodemus," said John of the Hough, in a voice rendered almost inaudible by fear, "broke my head with a cudgel he weareth under his cloak."

"When did he do this?" inquired the Abbot. "On the feast of St. James and Jude; oft before and since, too, without provocation; and lastly, on Monday se'nnight."

"Why, thou strangely perverse varlet, dost thou say it was I who beat thee?" demanded the accused friar.

"Ay, truly, most respected Father Nicodemus."

"Dost thou dare to repeat it? I am amazed at thy boldness—or, rather, thy stupidity,—or, perhaps at thy loss of memory. Know, thou naughty hind, it was thyself who cudgelled thee! Didst thou not know that if thou wert to vex a dog he would snap at thee? or hew and hack a tree, and not fly, it would fall on thee? or grieve and wound the feelings of thy ghostly friend, Father Nicodemus, he would cudgel thee? Did I rouse myself into a rage? Did I call myself a thief? Answer me, my son, did I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Did I threaten, if I were not a son of Holy Mother Church, to kick myself out of thy house? Answer me, my son: did I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Am I less than a dog, or a tree? Answer me, my son: am I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus; but, truly, also—"

"None of thy buts, my son, respond to me with plain aye or no. Didst thou not do all these things antecedent to my breaking thy sennet?"

"Ay, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Then how canst thou say I beat thee? Should I have carried my staff to thy house; did I not know thou wert a churl and an enemy to the good brotherhood of this house? Was I to go into the lion's den without my defence? Should I have demeaned myself to phlebotomize thee with my cudgel, (and doubtless the operation was salutary) hadst thou not aspersed me? Was it for me to stand by tamely with three feet of blackthorn at my belt, and hear a brother of this religious order, bewitted as I was, charged by thee with petty larceny? Was it not thine own breath,

then, that brought the cudgel upon thy caput? Answer me, my son."

"Lead forth John of the Hough, and call in the miller of Hornford," said the Abbot, before John of the Hough could reply. "Now, miller," continued he, as soon as the miller entered, "What hast thou to allege against this our good brother, Nicodemus?"

"I allege," replied the miller, "that he is nought."

"Oh! thou especial rogue!" exclaimed Father Nicodemus; "dost thou come here to bear witness against me? I will impeach thy testimony by one assertion, which thou canst not gainsay, for the evidence of it is written on thy brow, thou brawny villain! Thou bearest malice against me, because I, some six years ago, indicted a cracked crown on thee for robbing this holy house of its lawful meal. I deemed this punishment adequate to the offence, and spoke not of it to the Abbot, in consideration of thy promising to mend thy ways. Hadst thou not well merited that mark of my attention to the interests of my brethren, the whole lordship would have heard of it. And didst thou ever say I made the wound? Never, thy tale was that some of thy mill-gear had done it. But I will be judged by any here if the scar be not of my blackthorn's making. I will summon threescore, at least, who will prove it to be my mark. Let it be viewed with that on the head of thy foster-brother John of the Hough: I will abide by the comparison. Thou hast heeded malice in thy heart from that day, and now thou comest here to vomit it forth, as thou deemest, to my undoing. Put, be sure, caution, that I shall testify upon thy sennet hereafter; for I know thou art rogue enough to rob if thou canst, and fool enough to rob with so little discretion as to be easily detected; and even if my present staff be worn out, there be others in the woods; ergo—"

"Pence, Brother Nicodemus," exclaimed the Abbot; "Approach not a single pace nearer to the miller; neither do thou threaten nor browbeat him, I enjoin thee."

"Were it not for the reverence I owe to those who are round me, and my unwillingness to commit even so trifling a sin," said Nicodemus, "I would take this slanderous and ungrateful knave betwixt my finger and thumb, and drop him among the hungry eels of his own mill-stream. I chafe apace; lay hands on me, brethren, for wax wrath; and am sure, in these moods—so weak is man—to do mischief ere my humour subside."

"Speak on, miller," said the Abbot; "and thou Brother Nicodemus, give way to thine inward enemy, at thy peril."

"I will tell him an' you will hold him back and seize his staff," said the miller; "how he and the roystering boatman of Frampton Ferry—"

"My time is coming," exclaimed Nicodemus interrupting the miller; "bid him withdraw, or he will have a sore head at his supper."

"They caroused and carolled," said the miller, "with two travellers, like shrieking Jacks o' the flagon, until—"

"Lays hands on Nicodemus, all!" cried the Abbot, as the enraged friar strode towards the miller; "lay hands on the madman at once!"

"It is too late," said Nicodemus, drawing forth a cudgel from beneath his cloak, "do not hinder me now, for my black-thorn reverences not the heads of the whole fraternity of Fair-oak. Hold off, I say!" exclaimed he, as several of his brethren roughly attempted to seize him: "hold off, and mar me not in this mood; or, to day will, hereafter, be called the Feast of Blows. Nay, then, if you will not, I strike: may you be marked, but not maimed!" The friar began to level a few of the most resolute of those about him as he spoke. "I will deal lightly as my cudgel will let me," pursued he: "I strike indiscriminately, and without notice, I protest. May blessings follow these blows! Brother Ulick, I grieve that you have thrust yourself within my reach. Look to the Abbot, some of ye—for, miserable me! I have laid him low. Man is weak, and this must be atoned for by fasting.—Where is the author of this mischief? Miller, where art thou?"

Father Nicodemus continued to lay about him very lustily for several minutes; but before he could deal with the miller as he wished Friar Hugo's brother, who was on the floor, caught him by the legs, and suddenly threw him prostrate. He was immediately overwhelmed by numbers, bound hand and foot, and carried to his own cell; where he was closely confined, and most vigilantly watched, until the superiors of his order could be assembled. He was tried in the chamber which had been the scene of his exploits. The charge of having rudely raised his hand against the Abbot, and belabored the holy brotherhood, was fully proved; and, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, Father Nicodemus found himself enclosed, with a pitcher of water and a loaf, in a niche of a stone wall, in the lowest vault of Fair-oak Abbey.

He soon began to feel round him, in order to ascertain if there were any chance of escaping from the tomb to which he had been consigned.

The walls were old, but tolerably sound; he considered, however, that it was his duty to break out if he could; and he immediately determined on making an attempt. Putting his back to the wall, which had been built up to enclose him for ever from the world, and his feet on the opposite side of the niche, he strained every nerve to push one of them down. The old wall at length began to move: he reversed his position, and with his feet firmly planted against the new work, he made such a tremendous effort, that the ancient stones and mortar gave way behind him.—The next moment he found himself lying on his back, with a quantity of rubbish about him, on the cold pavement of a vault, into which sufficient light glimmered, through a grating, to enable him to ascertain that he was no longer in any part of Fair-oak Abbey.

The tongue-tied neighbors to whom Nicodemus had alluded, when he broke silence at that meeting of his brethren which terminated so unfortunately, were monks of the same order as those of Fair-oak Abbey; among whom, about a century and a half before the time of Nicodemus, such dissensions took place, that the heads of the order were compelled to interfere; and under their sanction and advice, two-and-twenty monks who were desirous of following the fine example of the Arroasians of Saint Agustin—who neither wore linen nor ate flesh, and observed perpetual silence—seceded from the community, and elected an Abbot of their own. The left wing of Fair-oak Abbey was assigned to them for a residence, and the rents of a certain portion of its lands were set apart for their support. The first care was to separate themselves, by stout walls, from all communication with their late brethren; and up to the days of Nicodemus, no friendly communication had taken place between the Arroasian and its mother Abbey.

Nicodemus had no doubt but that he was in one of the vaults of the silent monk. In order that he might not be recognized as a brother of Fair-oak, he took off his black coat and hood, and even his cassock and rochet, and concealed them beneath a few stones in a corner of the recess from which he had just liberated himself. With some difficulty, he reached the inhabited part of the building. After trying several of the Arroasians, by abruptly breaking upon their meditations, he at length found an old white cloak and hood, arrayed in which he took a seat at the table of the refectory; and, to the amazement of the monks, silently helped himself to a portion of their frugal repast. The Superior of the community, by signs, requested him to state who and what he was; but Nicodemus, pointing to the old Arroasian habit which he now wore, wisely held his peace. The good friars knew not how to act; Nicodemus was suffered to enter into quiet possession of a vacant cell. He joined in their silent devotions, and acted in every respect as though he had been an Arroasian all his life.

By degrees the good monks became reconciled to his presence, and looked upon him as a brother. He behaved most discreetly for several months; but, at length, he became weary of bread, water, and silence; and, one evening stole over the garden wall, resolving to have an cel-pie and some malmsey, spiced with a little jovial chat, in the company of his trusty friend, the boatman, at Frampton Ferry. His first care on finding himself at large, was to go to the coppice of Fair-oak, and cut a yard of good black-thorn, which he slung by a hazel gad to his girdle, and beneath his cassock.—Resuming his path towards the Ferry, he strode on at a brisk rate for a few minutes; when, to his great dismay, he heard the sound of the bell which summoned the Arroasians to meet in the chapel of their Abbey.

"A murrain on thy noisy tongue!" exclaimed Nicodemus; "on what emergency is thy tail tutted, to make thee yell at this unwonted hour? There is a grievous penalty attached to the offence of quitting the walls, either by day or by night; and as I am now deemed a true Arroasian, by Botolph, I stand here in jeopardy; for they will assuredly discover my absence. I will return at once, sink into my cell, and be found there afflicted with a lethargy, when they come to search for me; or, if occasion serve, join my brethren boldly in the chapel."

The bell had scarcely ceased to toll, when Nicodemus reached the garden-wall again. He clambered over it, alighted safely on a heap of manure, and was immediately seized by half a score of the stoutest among the Arroasians. Unluckily for Nicodemus, the Superior himself had seen a figure in the costume of the Abbey, scaling the garden-wall, and he immediately ordered the bell to be rung, and a watch to be set, in order to take the offender in the fact, on his return. The mode of administering justice among the Arroasians, was much more summary than in the Abbey of Fair-oak. Nicodemus was brought into the Superior's cell, and divested of his cloak, his cassock was turned down from his belt, and a bull's hide thong severely applied to his back, before he could recover himself from the sur-

prise into which his sudden capture had thrown him. His wrath rose, not gradually as it did of old—but in a moment, under the pain and indignity of the throng, it mounted to its highest pitch. Breaking from those who were holding him, he plucked the blackthorn he had cut, from beneath his cassock, and without either benediction or excuse, silently but severely belaboured all present, the Superior himself not excepted. When his rage and strength were somewhat exhausted, the prostrate brethren rallied a little, and with the aid of the remainder of the community, who came to their assistance, they contrived to despoil Nicodemus of his staff, and secure him from doing further mischief.

The next morning, Nicodemus was stripped of his Arroasian habits; and attired in nothing but the linen in which he had first appeared among the brethren, he was conducted, with very little ceremony, to the vaults beneath the Abbey. Every member of the community advanced to give him a parting embrace, and the Superior pointed with his finger to a recess in the wall. Nicodemus was immediately ushered into it, the wall was built up behind him, and once more he found himself entombed alive.

"But that I am not so strong as I was of yore, after the lenten fare of my late brethren," said Nicodemus, "I should not be content to die thus, in a coffin of stones and mortar. What luck hast thou here, Nicodemus?" continued the friar, as, peering about the floor of his narrow cell, he felt something like a garment, with his foot. "By rood and by rocket, mine own attire! the cloak and cassock, or I am much mistaken, which I left behind when I was last here; for surely these are my old quarters! I did not think to be twice tenant of this hole; but man is weak, and I was born to the bane of blackthorn. The lazy rogues found this niche ready-made by their hands; and, truth to say, they have walled me up like a workman. Ah, me! there is no soft place for me to bulge my back through now. Hope have I none; but I will betake me to my anthems, and, perchance, in due season, I may light upon some means of making egress."

Nicodemus had by this time, contrived to put on his cassock and cloak, which somewhat comforted his shivering body, and he forthwith began to chant his favourite anthem in such a lusty tone, that he was faintly heard by the Fair-oak Abbey cellarman, and one of the friars who was in the vaults with him, selecting the ripest wines. On the alarm being given, a score of the brethren betook themselves to the vaults; and, with torches in their hands, searched every corner for the anthem-singer, but without success. At length the cellarman ventured to observe, that, in his opinion, the sounds came from the wall; and the colour left the cheeks of all as the recollection of Nicodemus flashed upon them.—They gathered round the place where they had enclosed him, and soon felt satisfied that the awful anthem was there more distinctly heard than in any other part of the vault.

The whole fraternity soon assembled, and endeavoured to come to some resolution as to how they ought to act. With fear and trembling, Father Hugo's brother moved that they should at once open the wall. This proposal was at first rejected with contempt, on account of the known stupidity of the person with whom it originated; but as no one ventured to suggest anything, either better or worse, it was at last unanimously agreed to. With much solemnity, they proceeded to make a large opening in the wall. In a few minutes, Father Nicodemus appeared before them, arrayed in his cloak and cassock, and not much leaner or less rosy than when they bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu, nearly a year before. The friars shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!" and Nicodemus did not deem it by any means necessary to contradict them. "Ho, ho! brethren," exclaimed he, you are coming to do me justice at last, are you? By faith and truth, but ye are tardy! Your consciences, methinks, might have urged you to enact this piece of good-fellowship some week or two ago. To dwell ten months and more in so dark and solitary a den, like a toad in a hole, is no child's play. Let the man who doubts, assume my place and judge for himself. I ask no one to believe me on my bare word. You have wronged me, brethren, much; but I forgive you, freely."

"A miracle! a miracle!" again shouted the amazed monks. They most respectfully declined the proffered familiarities of Nicodemus; and still gazed on him with profound awe, even after the most incredulous among them were convinced, by the celerity with which a venison pastry, flanked by a platter of brawn, and a capacious jack of Cyprus wine vanished before him, in the refectory, that he was truly their Brother Nicodemus, and still in the flesh.

Ere long, the jolly friar became Abbot of Fair-oak. He was dubbed a saint after his decease; but as no miracles were ever wrought at his shrine, his name has since been stricken

from the records of the abbey, and but for this sketch would remain in oblivion.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1831.

### THE DINNER TABLE.

Along the extended hall the table spreads,  
And viands grace the board. There's plenty  
there.

There's goose, and duck, and pork, and beef, and  
veal,

Chicken and ham, turkey and fish, and leg  
Of mutton there. There's roast and broiled, and  
boiled,

And baked and stewed, and fried and fricasseed.  
There's sauces, gravies, capers, ketchup, all  
The corps of light and sharp provocatives,  
That stir anew the jaded appetite.

At either end, and eke at intervals  
Along the board, the tall decanters stand,  
Beaming a ruddy light. A mighty corps,  
With spirit so enuded, they will not bear  
Abuse, but knock the bold aggressor down,  
Flat as a flounder!

Hark! what sound is that?  
What sound? That is the joyful dinner bell,  
The signal rings. All to the table rush,  
And sharp and eager appetite allows  
Short time for grace. The carver's task succeeds—  
The carver's task—it is no sinecure,  
For while he deals the dainty bits around,  
'Tis ten to one he gets no bit himself.  
For should he strive to whip with dextrous hand  
A tempting slice aside, it nought avails.  
Some keen-eyed epicure is on the watch,  
And begs he'll help him to that tempting slice,  
That charming little slice he's whipped aside.

Now comes the cheering question, and the call  
"What will you have?"—"What have you there,  
I pray?"

"A turkey, sir."—"I'll take the upper joint  
Of the hind leg."—"And I the side bone, sir."—"A  
little gravy, Colonel, if you please,"

"And stuffing plenty—there, sir, that will do."  
"Now, Colonel, if you please."—"What will  
you have?"

"Oh, anything—I'm not particular—  
The best you've got."

"Here, waiter, fetch some bread."

"The brandy, waiter."—"Hand the celery."

"Tom, fetch the taters here."—"Some water,  
Tom."

"Captain, I'll thank you for a slice of beef."

"How will you have it, sir? Just like it rare?"

"Ay, red and bleeding—barely cooked enough  
For eating raw."—"Now, sir, what will you  
have?"

"Sir, if you please, I'll take an outside piece—  
I like't well done—I can't endure your beef  
Will bellow in the mouth."—"Sir, you've no  
taste."

I beg your pardon, sir—not like rare beef!

A little gravy, Captain, from the dish—  
Not like rare beef!—Tom, hand the parsnips  
here."

"Major, what have you there?"—"A chicken,  
sir."

"Please, help this lady to a bit."—"What part,  
Dear Madam, will you have?"—"Oh, sir, I'll  
take—"

I'll take—a bit o' the bosom, if you please."

"The bosom! madam!—bosom!—Ah! the breast,  
I beg your pardon, ma'am. Some stuffing, now?"

"A little of the dressing, if you please."

"Tom, pass this plate. Now, Mrs. Heartydame,  
What will you have? A bit of the bosom, ma'am?"

"Ha! Ha! No, sir; I'll thank you for a leg.  
Some gravy and some stuffing—thank you, sir."

"Here, Cato, hand the beets."—"The onions,  
Tom."

"Waiter, some bread."—"Now, Colonel, if you  
please."

"What part? Here's nothing but a drumstick  
left."

Have you a choice?"—"Ha! ha! That's Hob-  
son's choice."

But hand it on. Tom, pass the brandy here."

"Have you another rumstick, Colonel Tod?"

If so, just put put it on this trencher here."

"What have you there before you, Gen'lral  
Jaw?"

"Boiled mutton, sir, and very fine it is."

"With parsley and drawn butter, caper sauce?"

"Ay, all."—"Then help me to a middling slice;  
I do admire a mutton leg thus cooked,  
Thus garnished out."

"Waiter, here; stir your stumps."

"What will you, massa, have? some fowl, some  
fish?"

Some piece o' ham?"—"Here, waiter; change  
my plate;

And bring some mutton."—"Tom, come here,  
you crow;

What sort of fish is that down yonder, ha?"—"Wat  
sort o' fish? He's streaked bass, I believe."

"Then like a streak of lightning bring me some."

"Confound you, Tom, you careless, blund'ring  
dog;

You've spilt the gravy on my bran new coat!"—"Your  
pardon, massa Dash, I did not know

Your coat was dere."—"Here, Cato, take my  
plate!"

"Yes, sar; what will you have? Some apple-  
pie?"

Some cran'ry-tart; some pudding; or some  
fruce?"—"Some fruce! What's that?"—"Wat's fruce!

wy, apples, sir,

And nuts, and sich like wegetable tings."

"I'll take some pudding."—"I some pie."

"Some tart."

"Now, madam; what will you from yonder  
board?"

I'll take a walnut and a raisin, sir."

"You make a very sparing dessert, ma'am;

Wont you be helped to half a walnut more?"

"Not for the world—I thank you, Major Bow—  
I ne'er take more."—"But in the pantry hid,  
(Aside) I'll bet my life, you eat cold pork!"

"Ah! Mrs. Heartydame; what will you have?  
You've nothing on your plate."—"That ham  
looks fine,

I'll thank you pass my plate for a small slice."

Here, Cato, fetch some wine—Burgundy pure."

"Yes, Massa Gen'lral Jaw, I fetch him quick."

"Well, see you do. Why, Mrs. Heartydame,  
You're blooming as the hoursies."—"Thank you,  
sir,

I'm well and hearty. Here, Thomas; change my  
plate,

And fetch some pudding."—"Madam, take some  
wine."

I thank you, Gen'lral—there—that will do."

"Miss Nibble, shall I help you to a glass?"

"Me! Gen'lral Jaw! What do you take me for?"

"Nothing in particular—excuse me, ma'am"

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.—The Rev. Mr. O—, a  
respectable clergyman in the interior of the  
state, relates the following anecdote.—A couple  
came to him to be married; and after the knot  
was tied, the bridegroom addressed him with—

"How much do you ax, Mister?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally  
take whatever is offered me. Sometimes more,  
sometimes less. I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes—but how much do you ax, I say?" repeated  
the happy man.

"I have just said," returned the clergyman, that  
I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some  
give me ten dollars; some, five; some, three;  
some, two; some, one; and some, only a quarter  
of a one."

"A quarter, ha?" said the bridegroom; "wal,  
that's as reasonable as a body could ax. Let me  
see if I've got the mooney." He took out his  
pocket book, there was no money there; he fumbled  
in all his pockets, but not a six-pence could  
he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had  
some money with me; but I recollect now, 'twas in  
my tother trowse pocket. Hetty, have you got  
sich a thing as two shillins about ye?"

"Me!" said the bride, with a mixture of shame  
and indignation—"I'm astonished at ye, to come  
here to be married without a cent of money to pay  
for it! If I'd known it afore, I would'n't a come  
a step with ye; you might have gone alone to be  
married for all me."

"Yes, but consider, Hetty," said the bride-  
groom, in a soothing tone, "we're married now,  
and it can't be helped—if you've got sich a thing  
as a couple of shillins—"

"Here, take 'em," interrupted the angry bride,  
who during this speech, had been searching in  
her work-bag; "and don't you," said she, with a  
significant motion of her finger—"don't you never  
serve me another sich a trick."

A DEVOUT PARROT. Calius Rhodoginus relates  
that Cardinal Ascanius at Rome, had a par-  
rot, "which in the most articulate and uninter-  
rupted manner, recited the Apostle's Creed, as well as  
the best reader could have done."

AN INSECT PEN. In the Narrative of Discovery  
and Adventure in Africa, Wilson, having occasion  
to mention that a species of insect, called *pusus*,  
was the last described by Linnaeus, says, in the  
language of Young, it was—

"An awful pause prophetic of his end!"

IMPORTANT AND CONSOLING. Mr. Robinson  
said in the Massachusetts legislature, "that per-  
sons would be presumed by law to be white, till  
they were proved to be black."

AN UNFORTUNATE MONKEY. Le Vaillant re-  
lates, that in one of his excursions in Africa, he  
killed a female monkey, which carried a young  
one on her back. The young one continued to  
cling to its dead parent till they reached their eve-  
ning quarters, and the assistance of a negro was  
required to disengage it. No sooner, however,  
did it feel itself alone, than it darted to a wooden  
block, on which hung the peruke of Le Vaillant's  
father. To this it clung most pertinaciously for  
three weeks, evidently mistaking the wig for its  
mother. It was fed during this time, and at length  
of its own accord quitted the peruke. It became  
very tame, and its manners were uncommonly  
pleasing. But having one day imprudently left open  
the door of his chamber, Mr. Le Vaillant beheld his  
favorite making a hearty breakfast on a fine col-  
lection of insects. In the first transports of his anger  
the Frenchman determined to strangle the mon-  
key in his hands; but his rage immediately gave way  
to pity, when he perceived that the crime of its vor-  
acity had carried the punishment along with it.  
In eating the beetles, it had swallowed several of  
the pins, on which they were transfixed. Its agony  
consequently became great, and all his efforts  
were unable to preserve its life.

GIGANTIC STORK. This bird is sometimes up-  
wards of six feet high. According to the traveller,  
Denham, it is protected by the inhabitants of Af-  
rica, on account of its services as a scavenger.  
Nothing comes amiss to its appetite.—  
Smeathman gives an account of a tame bird of  
this species, "which regularly attended the hall  
at dinner time, and placed itself behind its master's  
chair. It frequently helped itself to what it liked  
best; and one day darted its bill into a boiled  
fowl, which it swallowed in an instant. It used  
to fly about the whole country, and generally roost-  
ed high among some silk cotton trees. From  
this station, at the distance of two or three miles,  
it could see when the dinner was carried across  
the court, when it immediately took wing, and fly-  
ing with great swiftness, arrived in time to enter  
the house with some of those who carried the dis-  
hes. It sometimes remained in the room for half  
an hour after dinner, turning its head alternately  
from side to side, with an appearance of unusual  
gravity, as if listening to the conversation. It one  
day swallowed a cat."

MISPLACED BENEVOLENCE. In a new periodi-  
cal, entitled the Presbyterian, published at Phila-  
delphia, it is stated that a young woman a mantu-  
maker of that city, had contributed a hundred dol-  
lars of her hard earned savings to some Mission-  
ary purposes. "To render this statement still  
more singular," says the Saturday Bulletin, "it  
is further added, that the young woman of  
whose enthusiasm and weakness such advantage  
has been taken, has not only poor sisters deserv-  
ing her protection, but an aged, destitute mother."

A FORTUNATE ORANGE-SELLER. Dennis Currie  
a poor Irishman, of this city, who has for several  
years picked up a scanty pittance for himself and  
family, by selling oranges, last week drew a prize  
in the lottery of \$3000. Instances of good or ill  
luck are apt to come in clusters; so it was in the  
case of Dennis Currie, for the very next day his  
wife presented him, as he said, with three twins—  
partly boys and partly girls—but as fine sprightly  
children as ever cradled an orange.

ALEXANDER POPE. Some of the crickets of  
the present day, seem to have made the wonderful  
discovery that Pope was no poet. Hear what  
Lord Byron says on the subject: "As to Pope, I  
have always regarded him as the greatest name in  
poetry. Depend upon it, the rest are all barbarians.  
He is a Greek Temple, with a Gothic Cathed-  
ral on one hand, and a Turkish Mosque and  
all sorts of fantastic pagodas and conventicles  
about him."

TOO JUVENILE. In "Cobb's Juvenile Reader,"  
which has been sadly puffed in the newspapers,  
there occurs the following remarkable sentence:  
"When you are a LARGE boy, you shall have  
trowsers and a pair of LITTLE boots." Now this  
is as childish as one could desire; but a little more  
consistency would do quite as well. Should Mr.  
Cobb, however, prefer his own mode of doing  
business, we beg leave to recommend the follow-  
ing, as perfectly in keeping, for his next edition:  
"When you are a great big man, you shall have a  
LITTLE tiny wife, for a pocket companion." This  
will stimulate the boy to become a man as soon as  
possible.

GREAT ROBBERY. The City Bank, in Wall street  
was robbed, between Saturday night and Monday  
morning last, of upwards of two hundred thousand  
dollars, mostly in bills. A reward of 11,000 is offered  
for the recovery of the money.

### SIAMESE TWINS.

We have read through the Siamese Twins, and  
have been much amused; but we think, on the  
whole, that Mr. Bulwer is a better novel writer  
than poet. The title of his poem seems to have  
been seized upon as one which, at present, would  
be likely to make the book sell; and it bears  
marks of haste in the composition. There are,  
nevertheless, many fine passages in the work.  
We shall give some specimens of its quality below.

Mr. Bulwer has called his twins Chang and  
Ching. The originals, who are now in this city,  
are called Chang and Eng. The poetical twins  
differ from the originals no less in temper than  
in name. It is one of the remarkable charac-  
teristics of the latter, that they seem to be pre-  
cisely alike in temper and disposition—in their  
modes of thinking and acting. One mind seems  
to pervade both. Hence, they scarcely ever speak  
to one another; for it would be like a man's talk-  
ing to himself. Though they are fond of chess  
and other games, they never play against each  
other; "for," say they, "it would be like a man's  
playing his right hand against his left." They  
both attend to the same object at the same time;  
and never converse with different persons, or on  
different subjects at once. They also possess a  
perfect unanimity of feeling—are happy in their  
united condition, and could not endure the idea of  
being separated.

But to have represented them thus in poetry,  
would have made but a tame affair; and conse-  
quently Bulwer has made his twins to differ *to-  
tally* in temper, disposition, thought and feeling.  
Chang is represented as gloomy, discontented  
and jealous; Ching, as gay, sprightly, and unsus-  
pecting. The former, when once roused, seldom  
forgiving; the latter, though quick and passion-  
ate, never harboring revenge. Thus differing in  
mind and temper, their condition is represented as  
most uneasy, especially to Chang, who at one  
time meditates fratricide to free himself from the  
hated connexion. But the author finally divides  
the twins by a surgical operation, and thus Chang  
is rid of the union without a resort to more violent  
means.

But previous to the separation, Chang gets in-  
troduced into "good society," and is invited to Al-  
mack's. Here his connexion with Ching gives  
rise to some rather ludicrous incidents.

"At Almack's, now,  
When gravely Chang himself presented,  
Much did the doormen wonder how  
From entering Ching could be prevented.  
Ingress 'twas clear they must permit  
To Chang, who had his vouchers got  
As clear—they must not think of it,  
For Ching, who certainly had not.

"That way up stairs—no, sir, not you—  
I have a duty, sir, to do—  
No ticket, sir?—I'd rather hang  
Myself than suffer such a thing!  
I don't prevent you, Mister Chang—  
I can't allow it; Mister Ching!"

This difficulty is at length got over by the in-  
terposition of one of the lady patronesses, who  
takes Ching under her protection, and the twins  
are admitted. Here the gay and gallant Ching  
becomes a favorite with the ladies.

"The dance is o'er, and yonder see  
Enchanted by a smiling ring,  
Sweet Lady Frances sips her tea,  
And flirts with Mr. Ching."

Lady Frances is about retiring from the party,  
and Ching goes to get her shawl; but while he is  
putting it on her shoulders, he is whisked away  
by Chang, who has other matters to attend to.

"'Tis very strange," said Lady Fan,  
'But really Ching's a pleasant man!  
'Tis very strange, rejoined her mother,  
'But really Ching must cut his brother."

As the twins are returning to their lodgings late  
one evening, they unluckily get into a row, and  
are taken up by the watch. In the morning, they  
are brought before the police court.

"The morning now begins to press on;  
The nursing maidens home repair;  
Young gentlemen resume their lesson;  
And the stern Justice takes his chair.  
Some half a dozen wretches worried;  
Some half a dozen of the worst off  
Culprits to prison justly thrust off;  
Base varlets, with such ragged breeches,  
The very treadmill for them itches.  
Some half a dozen so respectable  
That Justice is not to suspect able,  
Paying the wanted fine, and giving  
Scurvy account of mawk of living,  
Dismissed, break through the cobweb, leaving  
To fate the poorer class of Fly.  
Whom Justice—that old spider—grieving  
Much for their guilt, condemns for thieving  
Upon the very web she's weaving,  
And eats them up while they reply!

These previous heard, they bring  
Before his worship Chang and Ching.  
Loudly the watchman made complaint



Of blows that might have roused a saint;  
Asking if now the luckless watch  
Your single rogues could scarcely catch,  
What in heaven's name must be the trouble  
To catch the rascals going double!  
They begged of vice so bold a sample  
Might now be made a dread example,  
Or else, the sage police were sure  
The thing would spread beyond a cure;  
And every rascal in shoe leather  
Would go thus hook-and-eyed together.

Gravely the Justice heard the speech,  
Gravely the Justice eyed the two,  
Gravely the Justice frowned on each,  
And said—"Young men, 'tis very true!  
'Your crime you cannot but be sensible,  
'At present seems quite indefensible;  
'Appearances are aggravated,  
'Your being thus so strangely mated;  
'A circumstance, which if not vicious,  
'At least, must be allowed suspicious!  
'Perhaps, you can explain, and state your  
Reasons for this strange trick of Nature.  
'If you can give of all this mystery  
'A full account and honest history,  
'Our laws will do you nought of ill—  
'If not, they send you to the mill!"

In reply, the generous Ching takes all the  
blame on himself, and pleads in extenuation his  
ignorance of the English laws. He thus winds  
up his speech:—

"But one word more; in this affair  
'If I have sinned, my sin not knowing,  
'Such penance I consent to bear  
'As you may deem it worth bestowing  
'But he—my brother—no offence  
'Committed; you must let him hence!  
'Take me to prison, if you please,  
'But first, this gentleman release;  
'And while to jail the guilty sending,  
'Take heed, nor touch the unoffending!"

Ching ceased; the court was in a grin;  
The tranquil Justice stroked his chin,  
And asked the night's superior saint if  
The court did now contain the plaintiff?  
But Popkin wisely not appearing,  
He straight dismissed all further hearing;  
'Young men, you may go where you please,  
'Reform your ways and pay your fees!"

**EPISTOLARY.** The following very curious letter appears in a Utica paper. It is, as the reader will perceive, a complaint against one Mr. Hitchcock, for having *hiethed* on to the manufacture of a certain medicamentum, which the writer declares to be counterfeit, and no genuine product of the original recipe. He seems to be a worker both in iron and medicine; for though he signs himself a blacksmith, he declares himself to have studied the "medical art of science more than twenty years." He must be pretty perfect by this time; and if he can only turn a horse-shoe as well as he can round a period, he must be one of the most perfectly original blacksmiths in the country.

## LETTER.

Remson Feb 9th 1831.  
Dr. B. Marchisi: Dear sir I took this opportunity, to let you know: that I am sorry and badly convinced, hear so much talking About my Deceased brother, Commonly called the welsh Doctor Stephen Last suser Mr M. Hitchcock has sold, Medicine to the Public, and Call it Dr. Roberts genuine welch medicamentum, and call it best of Any kind of Medicine for almost every Complaints in humans body it is very wrong N. B. at understood that you took information from my Brothess wife how to mix and make the aforesaid medicins in the same way as my Brother, and Call it the best genuine medicine that he find out in all his Practice: it is very wrong Take Notice if you, or Mr. Hitchcock, had he knowledge and edication equal to my brother, al should be glad and give you oll my success, or if you should sell your medicine without call it the yest and the genuine way my brother never found al should not care nothing. but see the business go as it is now al will tell the Truth it Pains me so much as to put my blood into stagnation, it is true that I cannot be still not much longer before make Declaration all through the united states of Amecia and Put all this Business that is mention ed into Expiration I have been in the same school as my brother, and studied the same Books, Before, and after he was married that is in the medical art of science more than Twenty years before we came to this Country, and I know more about his Practice than all the men on Earth—Take Notice my Brother never did allow his wife go to his office to mix any kind of medicine, without he handed himself because she cannot read one word on his Books Take notice the Caretor of my brother never been Abused before, Either in England nor America, and I am sorry About that old ignorant, women that took little money of give such oath.

the old welsh Dr. Roberts was my only Brother but Now he is Dead and burial the 12th day of June 1820 this I do certify that I will Let every Person have the Aknowledge of this so far as I can and so long as I live that is until the Eternal Providence Comes over my head

ROBERTS. R. ROBERTS.

Do t. B. Marchisi, Dear, Sir if I should know this business before you begin, I should give better aknowledge of the way of my brother that I should not be ashamed of it, and I will tell why. Because I know more of my brothers Practice than any body else

ROBT. R. ROBERTS.

Blacksmith  
Town Remsen  
Near T. Sheldons inn

Mr John. B. Marchisi  
Drugist  
No 136 genesee street utica  
this with speed

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**COUNTERFEIT DOW.**—Every thing on earth, that is of any sort of importance, is apt to be counterfeited. Even Lorenzo Dow, whom one would suppose as difficult to counterfeit as Perkins' check plates, has not been able to escape the general misfortune. He has issued his manifesto against a certain pseudo-Dow, who professing to be the veritable Lorenzo, is going about the country and deceiving the people in his name; and he cautions all manner of persons, throughout the United States, to be on their guard against the said counterfeit.

**SECURITY OF A ROCK.**—A colored man, by the name of Hawley, well known at Pittsfield, Ms. who, like some of his betters, had the misfortune to be henpecked, was one day hotly attacked by his wife with a pudding stick. He fled for security to a high rock in the neighborhood, up which having scrambled with some difficulty, he turned round and with a triumphant shout exclaimed—"No woman conquer me on a rock!"

**NEW NOVEL.**—The Messrs. Harpers have just published a new novel, entitled "MAXWELL, by the author of 'Sayings and Doings.'" As we have had no time for its perusal, we cannot express any opinion of its merits.

**CURIOUS SIGNS.** In Spring Street is the following curious sign: "Washing and Ironing and Going out to Days Works, done in the Back Room."

## UNHAPPY MEN.

There is a class of mankind—and by no means a small one—which are termed unhappy men. To them, the world, with all its pleasant things, friends, social comforts, and domestic endearments, this world, so full of all that is beautiful, the blue skies above, and the green fields around, what is it to them but a constant source of misery and disquietude, a never-failing theme of complaint and dissatisfaction. This unhappy disposition may be traced to various causes; in some persons, to a temperament naturally gloomy and desponding; in others, to accidents, misfortune, disappointed ambition, or religious fanaticism.

Some men are habitually unhappy, while others are only so occasionally; the former, at all times and places, wear the same dolorous countenance, they cast a chill into the very atmosphere around them, like the chill at noon day, when the sun is in an eclipse; their conversation is tinged with melancholy and moroseness, and if it has not the effect to make others as wretched as themselves, it, at least, prevents them from being happy while in their presence. Such men are icebergs floating about in society, cold, isolated, a terror wherever they come, repulsive, and repulsed. They may be seen at the corners of the streets, waylaying their acquaintances as they pass by on business or pleasure, to remind them of the vanity and vexations of the world, the uncertainty of riches, the precariousness of life, and of all those various subjects for sober reflection, well calculated to occupy the thoughts on proper occasions, but which serve only to offend and disgust when thus obtruded upon the attention. But these men never take into consideration the times and occasions when they shall pour forth their lugubrious, but like sinister crows are always boding some evil.

Next, are those who are subject to occasional fits of unhappiness. With some persons these are periodical—one will be affected with melancholy in the spring, and another in autumn—one is a prey to the blues in one kind of weather, and another in a different kind. Such is the connexion between body and mind, that the causes of this species of unhappiness may be traced, either to some disorder of the former which acts upon the latter, as a dyspepsia in the stomach is generally followed by a similar affliction of the head, or to some peculiar sensibility of the one by which external objects easily excite or depress the other. Such men are, indeed, to be commiserated; for who can doubt that their unhappiness is a partial hypochondria, over which they have no control—a disease of the mind, more acute while it lasts, than the severest bodily pains? Nature may in some instances be the author of this kind of unhappiness, but it is often produced by education and luxury. It is not the farmer and the mechanic who are the subjects of this hypochondria; their happy countenances tell a different tale; it is the student, whose sedentary life dooms him to this calamity; or the voluptuary, who, by his midnight carousals entails upon himself and children the miseries of a broken constitution.

Others, again, are made unhappy by outward circumstances—by misfortunes in business, disappointment of their plans, or the bereavement of their friends. This species of unhappiness, when temporary and under proper restraint, is what all who consider the infirmity of human nature, will respect and approve; but when carried to an immoderate excess, when it is suffered to embitter the whole after-life of him who experiences it, it becomes both improper and injurious. It is improper, because there is no reason why we should forever mourn the loss of friends or property—the voice of reason and nature forbid it; it is injurious, because we cannot by our grief repair our losses, but rather diminish the chances of doing so. There is no spectacle more painful than the man who is the victim of unhappiness from every slight misfortune he meets with in his business. He literally makes troubles for himself—he plants thorns and thistles along his pathway through life, and frets out both body and soul by rubbing against them.

## CHARACTERISTIC OF AN IRISHMAN.

As the Brooklyn Ferry-boat was leaving the dock the other morning, a couple of Irishmen came running down, the one close at the heels of the other. The boat was just pushed off, and the forward Irishman, wishing to get on board, made a bold spring for it, while, at the same moment, the one behind fearing that his comrade would not reach the boat, or reaching it, would leave him ashore, caught the jumping Patrick by the coat-tail, who was thereby precipitated into the water—

"Arah! Pat!" cried the one on the dock to him in the water, "and where would you have been if I had not caught you?"

"Wh-e-w— wh-e-w—" exclaimed Pat, spouting the filthy brine from his mouth, and swimming to one of the floating fenders, which he soon managed to bestride, "Wh-e-w—" he again exclaimed, putting himself in a boxing attitude, "and wasn't it a basteely trick you was after sarving me; come on to the log here, and I'll tache you better manners in future.

"But you'd been kilt dround if I had'n't caught you, my jewel," said the humane Irishman, "but now, you are only soused!"

As the water was none of the warmest, the soused Irishman was soon cooled, he sidled to the end of the log, and with the assistance of his helpmate clambered up the pier, when they embraced each other by the hand, and retired to a neighbouring porter-house, to drown their misunderstanding.

## THE SUGAR FIDDLE.

Every one recollects the story of Franklin and his penny-whistle. The embryo philosopher was not more sick of his fancied prize, than was I of a sugar fiddle. It was on this wise; I had just been vaccinated, and to reward me for the fortitude with which I bore the operation, my father presented me with a silver fifty-cent piece. It was the largest sum which, at any one time, I had ever been in possession of, and away I started to exhibit the big treasure to my play-mates. The first boy I met advised me to invest it in confectionary; he painted in glowing colors the heaps of sweet things that could be purchased with it; and after a little hesitation, I was persuaded to follow his advice. The old lady, to whose shop we repaired, paraded forth her store of candies and sweetmeats. The moiety of my money was soon expended in these, which were devoured by my companion and myself; and with the other moiety I purchased a sugar fiddle.

I know not why, but on my return home, I felt some misgivings as to the manner in which I had disposed of my money. For the fifty-cent piece, with which I had started from home, I had, on my return, nothing to exhibit but a sugar fiddle about the size of my hand. I was determined, however, to make the best of my bargain, and displayed the fiddle to the whole house, with as much pride as I could assume. When I came to my father, instead of blaming me, as I had expected, for my folly, he took the fiddle, at the same time saying that he would put it in safe-keeping for me. To this I readily assented; nothing further was said that day on the subject of the fiddle, and at night I retired to rest pretty well satisfied with my purchase.

The following day, when I returned from school, I was sent for by my father to appear in his study;—trembling with forebodings as to the object of the message, I immediately complied. I found him at his desk, a drawer of which he unlocked and took from it the sugar fiddle, upon which I now expected to hear a tune played that would make both my ears tingle. "I have sent for you, Charles," said my father, in a tone of great mild-

ness, "to give you a portion of the confectionary you purchased yesterday," and breaking off a bit of the fiddle, he presented it to me with the request, that it should be eaten in his presence. My appetite for sweet things was not a little cloyed by the surfeit of the preceding day, but with a seeming willingness I took the proffered morsel, and devoured it. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but there was no escaping from it—nothing further was said on the subject that day, and I dismissed it from my mind. The next day, however, when again I returned from my lessons, I was a second time summoned into the presence of my father, and with rather less grace than before, I was obliged to go through the same ceremony with another fragment of the fiddle.

In this manner, I was compelled, day after day, as regularly as the intermission between school hours came, to partake of the fiddle, until I fairly loathed the very sight of it; its taste became more nauseous to me than that of the most disagreeable medicine. In school, I was constantly dreading the arrival of the hour when I should be released from study, not to share the happy sports of my companions, but to undergo the singular punishment which my father had chosen to inflict upon me. From this there was no escaping—I was still summoned to the study of my father, and as long as the fiddle lasted—it was more than a month—a portion of it was daily meted out to me. When the last day of the sugar fiddle was arrived, and the last fragment of it was gone, I expected that my father would take the opportunity to give me a lecture on the folly of my purchase, and to explain the motives by which he had been governed in his conduct respecting it. But not a word passed him in defence of his own conduct—not a syllable which could be construed into a censure upon mine. He made no commentary, but merely observed, that as I had then eaten up the whole of my fiddle, when I purchased another I should have the privilege of partaking of it in the same manner, and with these words he left me to draw my own conclusions. The effect was soon visible, and from that time forth, I never purchased a sugar fiddle.

CHARLES.

## SCENE—THE PARADE AT WARSAW.

"To arms, Poles! to arms!"

"I wish to become a soldier!"

"What are you?"

"A Colonel!"

It was Krasinski, who ashamed of having protected Constantine in his flight, came as a suppliant to ask for a musket, powder, and balls.—As he observed some hesitation in complying with his request, he uncovered his bosom. His wounds were reckoned; after which they gave him a musket, and five-and-twenty cartridges. In return he left his sword.

"I wish to be a soldier."

"What are you?"

"A furrier."

It was a Jew the descendant of Bereck Jaselowitz, who thus tendered his life to his country. He remembered the expulsion of the Russians from Warsaw in 1794 and his heart burned to imitate his fathers. He had, moreover, to avenge a life of unmerited opprobrium and persecution, and the many scores of Parga. The sword of Krasinski was his, and he was ready to die.

"I wish to be a soldier."

"What are you?"

"A Catholic Priest."

This volunteer believed he had an outraged God to avenge. His offer was more on that account, perhaps, than from pure patriotism. What mattered it he was young, robust, and full of enthusiasm. He was one defender of Poland more and they gave him a pike.

"I wish to serve."

"That are you?"

"A Frenchman—a street musician. I have accompanied my barrel organ with my voice singing the glory of my country in the four quarters of the world. Fight, and I will chaunt your's but in the mean time give me a musket."

"We have only 20,000 for ourselves."

The Frenchman sighed and made way for a man and a woman who approached, the former crying

"I wish to be a soldier."

"What are you?"

"An invalid. I have served in the 9th Lancers (of the ex-Imperial Guard) I have been my Commander. I saw Poniatowski die, and Bonaparte has spoken to me. I have thought, for some time, that I should have nothing further to do with powder and balls; but the independence of Poland is in danger, and I desire to fight. Give me my arms."

They presented him a lance. A movement of his right shoulder indicated an attempt to seize the weapon. His right arm was left at Waterloo. He tendered his left hand. It was a silver—a mechanical substitute. The lance fell, and he burst into tears.

Sylvester, at New York—who contends that he sells as large a share of prizes as Joe Strickland has received from St. Johnsville, through the Post Office, a five dollar United States Bank bill, without any envelope, which by this means, saved him half postage on a double letter.

Extract from the Priest and the Jewess, a Chronicle of the times of Philip the Fourth, by Israel Jolais.

# AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE TORTURING OF THE KNIGHTS' TEMPLARS.

On his entrance into the Hall of Tortures, Philip of France seated himself in a large arm chair of crimson velvet, the only ornament of this theatre of the cruelty and barbarity of the 14th century. Enguerrand and the other nobles in his train were seated behind him, on benches so closely and carelessly made, that save the want of blood upon them, they might easily have been mistaken for instruments of torture. The King commanded the culprits to be brought before him, forgetting in his eagerness to make them acknowledge their crimes, that even their confession could not blind him to the motive which urged him to prosecute them. A side door suddenly opened, and preceded by their jailor, six Templars entered the hall of their doom. Jacques Molai entered at their head. He bowed to the king, as did his companions with the exception of one, who passed proudly in front of the king and his train, and seated himself on a bench near them. Philip pretended not to see him, and hesitating whether or not to return the salutes made to him by the others, who came slowly, one by one, through the dark and narrow door. All was calm and silent in that dismal hall. At last the king spoke. "Let those knights," said he, who have made a sad confession of their crimes, and have thus obtained their liberty, repeat here, in the presence of their God and of their King, what they have already confessed in private, that it may be known that no worldly thoughts or feelings have urged us to this trial. Ours is object is the honor and glory of the church." Some of the prisoners raised their eyes to the face of the king, as he made this hypocritical speech, but instantly cast them again to the ground.

Flamel touched his friend's elbow, and he, raising his voice to the utmost pitch, exclaimed, "I, Guillaume Boine, Knight of the Temple, declare the order of the Knights Templars unworthy of existence, and infamous; for idleness, impiety, blasphemy, and crimes of every kind."

"May the God of Truth confound thee!" exclaimed the Grand Master.

The enraged Boine replied, "May all the devils in hell seize!"

"Silence!" cried Philip. Molai, wait till thou art questioned, or rather see if among the knights who accompany thee, there are none likely to make the confession I require; if not, tortures must extract it."

"There are none here who fear thy tortures," replied the Grand Master calmly.

"Thy boast shall not avail thee," replied Philip. "Thou thyself shalt feel if the executioner understands his business. Drag Molai to the torture!"

The Grand Master gave the king one glance of supreme contempt, and exclaimed with fervor, "God grant me strength to bear this trial!" A yellow curtain at the bottom of the hall drew up with a horrid creaking noise; and in the midst of wheels, racks, saws, screws, and other fearful instruments, stood a half naked man humming the tune of a drunken song, and greasing with a sort of yellow and dirty lard, the screws and hinges of the different machines. He gazed for one moment stupidly and vacantly around him, and then continued his occupation. Among the assembled persons in that hall some turned away their heads, and others shuddered, while Flamel smiled and pressed the hand of Guillaume Boine, who considered himself most happy in having escaped from the tortures which now threatened the ill-fated Grand Master of the Templars. "Choose," cried Philip, "confess thy crimes, or seat thyself in that iron chair." Molai did not even answer him, but calmly and proudly sat himself down in the dreadful chair. The executioner rudely tore off the white mantle which covered the shoulders of the Templar; he then touched a spring, and two large iron hooks twisted the feet of Molai, while six long bars of the same metal, disposed in triangles, crossed on his chest, and pressed his naked shoulders on the sharp points with which the back of the chair was garnished. Molai raised his eyes to heaven, but did not utter a word, a shriek, or even a groan. His breath came whistling from his crushed and wounded chest, and the blood flowed in torrents from the shoulders on the shining and polished instrument of his torture.

"Speak," cried Philip. "I am innocent," replied Molai, in a faint and faltering voice. "Sire," whispered Enguerrand, "he will never confess." "Tale him away," said king Philip, "another one less resolute will speak; and Molai relaxed from the iron bars which were crushing his chest, breathed freely once more. While the Grand Master was seated in the accursed iron chair, one of the younger Knights had shed tears, and when he was released from the torture the youthful Templar exclaimed—"God be praised." Philip now turned to him and said—"What is thy name?"

"Pierre de Villeneuve," replied the Knight. "Perchance," continued the King, "thou wilt prove less obstinate than thy Grand Master, and tortures will force thee at least to confess." "Thou art mistaken," replied the Templar, "Drag him to the torture," cried the infuriated Monarch. "My liege," said a voice, "it is the same to you which one of us submits to the torture, your aim being only to enjoy the sufferings of a Knight—My brother is young, exhausted by imprisonment, hunger and care, and to curtail his suffering he may betray his honor. Let me be tortured in his place. My name is Falk de Tracy." "No, no, my brother," eagerly replied young Villeneuve, "do not doubt my constancy. Executioner, do thy duty," and he advanced towards the yellow curtain. "He is very young," whispered Marigny to the King, "he cannot bear the torture long." "So much the better, Marigny," replied the King, "he will confess the sooner."

And these words were pronounced in such a terrible tone of voice, that the astonished monster did not venture on another whisper during the whole trial. The eyes of the King sparkled with rage; and this same phlegm, who had consented so reluctantly to witness the dreadful scene, seemed now determined to exhaust all the resources of cruelty, and to appease his conscience, and to persuade himself he had listened only to the voice of justice. "Pierre de Villeneuve," he said, "it is not yet too late." The young man crept at him disobediently, and made no reply. The executioner immediately seized him and bound him on a machine called the cross of St. Andrew. It consisted of two beams laid crossways, and almost at right angles. On the limbs of this dreadful cross the executioner bound the naked arms and legs of the young Templar, and then slowly turned a wheel that set in motion a small sharp pointed lance, which penetrated the loins of the sufferer.

The executioner stopped one moment to give the King time to interrogate his victim, while the lance had already penetrated between the cartilages which unite the vertebrae. "Speak," cried Philip. Pierre de Villeneuve opened his mouth slowly, and from his purple lips came forth, in short and feeble accents, "not guilty, not guilty." "Go on, go on," exclaimed the King, enraged at so much resolution and fortitude. The executioner again turned the wheel, the lance rose by degrees, till suddenly the Knight gave a shriek, shook the St. Andrews cross with great violence, and the terrible and bloody lance breaking his bones like so much glass penetrated into his bosom. The youthful Templar closed his eyes and his head fell on his shoulder. "My brother, shielded Falk de Tracy," "Ye have murdered him!" "Why did he not confess, then?" said Philip, carefully averting his eyes while the executioner unbound the corpse of the ill-fated Pierre, and laid it away on his shoulder, leaving a large track of blood behind him.

When the captives were first summoned into the presence of the King, one of them, as we have already stated, passed before the royal judge without bowing to him; and had seated himself on what now proved to be an instrument of torture. His name was John de Beaufremont—he had grown grey in the service of the temple, and had been on all the campaigns against the Saracens. He was remarkably tall and strong, and during the whole execution had kept his large black eyes, arched by long, thick, and grizzly eyebrows, full on the King. Irritated by his bold bearing, Philip ordered him to be tortured—"Thank you," said the Templar, "I began to think that you had forgotten me. Let me expire under the same torture which killed Villeneuve. I loved him as my son; I first taught him to wield the lance; let my blood be mingled with his, and I ask no more." "No, no," replied the King, "by our Lady that would be too easy a death for thee.—Every bone in thy body shall be broken ere these eyes close on the light of day." "As you will," replied Beaufremont, "but I thought as I had shed so much blood in the cause of Christianity, that I might have chosen where and how to shed the last drops that flow in these old veins of mine." "Tie him to the clock," exclaimed Philip. This, of all the tortures, was the most dreadful.

The sufferer was suspended between two beams, and above him swung an immense leaden weight which, at regular intervals, fell and crushed one of the limbs of the victim. The executioner tried to drag this machine into the centre of the room, but it was so heavy as to resist all his efforts to stir it. Beaufremont sprang up and with one firm grasp drew the immense apparatus into the middle of the hall. Astonished by this exhibition of strength, the executioner looked upon his victim as a supernatural being; and, if Beaufremont had only given him one glance of his bright black eyes, he would never have dared to touch him. Observing his hesitation, the Knight placed himself without assistance on the dreadful machine, and the weight began to move regularly

above his head. He had time to confess before it reached a large black spot, whence it was to fall on one of his limbs. "Look at that weight," said Philip. No answer. "Remember that when it touches the black spot it falls," continued the Monarch. No answer, but the bright black eyes remained fixed on the King's face.

Suddenly the weight touched the spot—it fell, and crushed the Templar's leg. "I have only one more leg at your service," said Beaufremont, firmly and proudly, and still gazing intently on the King. "Hear him hence," cried Philip, and starting up as if to avoid the gaze of his victim, he left the hall, called for his horse, and rode off towards the palace. Marigny followed him, and none were left in the hall but John Flamel, the legates of the Pope, and those Templars who had confessed. They were sufficient to have tortured those among the captives who still survived, but their calm and majestic mien had such an effect on their judges, that they unanimously started from their seats and rushed out of the Judgment Hall. The prisoners were re-conducted to their cells, and John Flamel announced to the crowd without the prison, that the confessions had been complete and entire, and that in a few days the King's pleasure and justice would be known. Long live King Philip—long live John Flamel, shouted the crowd as they dispersed, in anxious expectation for the execution of the Knights of the Temple.

## THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Mr. Richard Fegrum, or, as his old acquaintances would more familiarly than respectfully designate him, Dick Fegrum, or, as he was sometimes styled on the supercilious of a letter from a tradesman or poor relation, Richard Fegrum, Esq., had for some years retired from business, although he had not yet passed what is called the middle age; and, turning his back on his shop, where he had made, if not a considerable fortune, at least a handsome competency, rented a small house at Hackney, or, as he was pleased to term it, in the country. His establishment united a due attention to comfort, with economy and probity. Besides a kitchen-maid and an occasional charwoman or errand boy, Mr. Fegrum possessed in the person of the trusty Sally Sadins, an excellent superintendent of his little menage.—Sally was not exactly a maid, or housekeeper, at least she assumed none of the dignity attached to such a post; she seemed indeed hardly to have a will or opinion of her own, but had so immensely accommodated herself to her employer's ways and humors, that by degrees the apparent distance between master and servant diminished, and as Sally, though far from talkative herself, was a good listener, Mr. Fegrum began to find a pleasure in relating to her all the little news and anecdotes he usually picked up in his daily walk.

Let it not however, be supposed that there was any thing equivocal in the kind of unconscious courtesy which existed between these two personages; a single glance at Sally would have convinced the most ingenious fabricator of scandal, and dealer in innuendoes, that there was no foundation on which to build even the slightest surmise of the kind, for both Sally's person and face were to her a shield that would have rebuffed any notion of the sort. Alas! that Nature, so exalted by every poet, for her imperturbability, should be at times so capricious in her favors, and bestow her gifts so grudgingly, even on those whose very sex entitles them to be considered fair! "Kind goddess," as Walt of Avon styles thee, surely thou dost in this instance, behave most unfairly, bestowing on Sally Sadins an elevation of figure that, had she been of the other sex, might have raised her to the rank of a corporal of grenadiers.

Yet, it thou gazed her an aspiring stature, thou gavest her no aspiring thoughts; and it thou dost deny to her softness of person, fortunately for her peace, thou dost not gift her with the least susceptibility of heart. If Sally was not *for a maid*, there was no woman on earth who could possibly have regretted it less. Indeed, I may safely aver, the idea of love never for an instant entered her head, much less had a single twinge of it ever touched her heart. She had heard people talk of love; and she supposed—it indeed she ever bestowed a thought on the subject—that there must be something in the world so called, otherwise people would not have invented a name for it; but she could no more pretend to say what it was, than to describe the ingredients of the air she breathed. In short, Sally was the most guileless, simple, and disinterested of mortals that ever entered beneath the roof of a single gentleman, to be first servant where there was no mistress.

Well, therefore, might Mrs. Thomas, who was aware that elderly gentlemen in her "dear" uncle's situation, are not always segled with that discretion that bessems their years, but sometimes commit themselves to wedlock in an unwary moment, to the no small prejudice of their affectionate relatives; well, I say, might the prudent Mrs. Thomas congratulate herself on having found such a treasure, so invaluable a jewel, as Sally Sadins. She was certain that from this quarter at least, there was nothing to be apprehended—nothing to intercept her "dear" uncle's three per cents, from what she considered the legitimate object of their destination. Some alarm, indeed, had been excited in her mind, by hearing that Mr. Fegrum had been seen rather frequently of late knocking at the door of Mrs. Simpson, but then again she thought that he could not possibly be led thither by any other motive than that of chattering away an hour with the widow of an old friend; besides, this lady was not likely either to lead, or be led, into matrimony. In her younger days, Mrs. Simpson might have been pret-

ty, but none of her acquaintance could recollect when. She still patched; yet the patch was applied not where coquetry would have placed it, but where necessity dictated, namely, over the left eye. Mrs. Thomas, therefore, consoled herself with the reflection, that it was better her uncle should knock at Mrs. Simpson's door than at that of a more attractive fair one. No! her uncle, she was perfectly satisfied, would never marry.

"What have you got there, Sally?" said Mr. Fegrum to his house-keeper, one day, as she drew something from her pocket, while standing before the sideboard opposite to him. "An't please you, sir," replied Sally, in a weak, but no very gentle voice, "it's a bit o'summat I was going to show you. You know, sir, my uncle Tim took leave of me yesterday, before he goes to sea again, and so he gave me this paper, which he says may chance to turn up trumps, and make me comfortable for life."

"Well, let me see what it is, Sally; is it the old fellow's will?"—Hm!—why, Sally, this is a lottery ticket! a whole lottery ticket; yet I will venture to say not worth more than the rag of paper 'tis printed on. I have myself tried the lottery, times and often, ere now, and never got any thing but—disappointment. 'A blank, sir, blank' that was the only answer I ever obtained from them. What could possibly induce your uncle to lay out his cash in so foolish a manner? 'Tis never worth either keeping or thinking about. No, Fz3, confound it! I know it well, I once purchased a share of it myself—the very first I ever bought, when I was quite a lad; and well do I recollect that I came out of a whole heap, and thought myself very fortunate in obtaining one with such a sequence of figures; one, two, three!"

Most composurely did Sally take the ticket again, not at all disconcerted at this denunciation of ill luck, but on the contrary, with a calmness worthy of a stoic. "Tis true, she did not, like Patience in a monument, absolutely smile at grief; but then, Sally never smiled, for would a smile, perhaps, if the rigidity of her face would have permitted such a relaxation of its muscles, have tended greatly to heighten the attractions of her countenance."

Her master in the meanwhile continued eating and wondering and eating, until he could neither eat nor wonder more; but dismissing Sally with the dinner things, turned himself quietly to the fire, and took his pipe.

Mrs. Thomas was sitting one morning cogitating on some mischief, she again began to apprehend from the widow Simpson, in consequence of certain intelligence she had the day before received, respecting that lady's designs upon the person of her uncle, when she was suddenly started from her reverie by a loud rapping at the door, and instantly afterwards who should enter the parlour but the very subject of her meditations—Mrs. Simpson herself.

The appearance of so unusual a visitor would alone have sufficed to surprise her; but there was something in the good lady's manner and countenance, that denoted she came upon a very important errand.

"Why, Mrs. Thomas," exclaimed she, almost breathless, as soon as she entered "have you heard—your uncle?"

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Thomas, "What do you mean?—what has happened?—my poor dear uncle; ill; dying?"

"Compose yourself Mrs. Thomas; not dying; but I thought you might have heard!"

"Heard what?—some accident, I suppose!—poor dear man!"

"No, no accident," returned the widow, who by this time had some what recovered her breath; "but something very strange; most unaccountable. What you may think of it, I know not, but for my part I think that Mr. Fegrum has acted; I shall not say how."

"And pray, ma'am," said Mrs. Thomas, who now began to think it was some quarrel between them, of which the widow came to inform her, "what has Mr. Fegrum done, that you should come in this strange manner, and make so great a fuss about it? It is some nonsense, after all, I dare say."

"None—none, forsooth!—well, I declare!—however, it certainly is no business of mine ma'am," returned Mrs. Simpson, quite nettled at her reception; "and as I suppose you know what has taken place, and approve of it, I have nothing further to say."

Mrs. Thomas now became unaffectedly alarmed, and apprehending she knew not what, requested to be informed what had happened, without further delay.

"Why ma'am then, Mr Fegrum is—married, that's all!"

To describe the effects these words had upon Mrs. Thomas, would be impossible, and to pain the expression of her countenance, equally unavailing.

"Married!" screamed she out, at length, as soon as she could draw her breath, "Married!—impossible—to whom?"

"To whom?—to Sally Sadins, ma'am."

"To Sally Sadins!—impossible; you must be joking."

"Not I, I assure you, I'm not a person, Mrs. Thomas, to make such jokes. I myself saw them, less than an hour ago, pass by my window in a post chaise together, and then learnt the whole story from those who saw them step into it, at the church door."

"Oh! Mrs. Simpson, how have I been deceived in that insinuating lassy, Sally Sadins! She who seemed so staid, so discreet; so very unlikely a person. What an odd fool he must be to marry so vulgar a frump!"

"Nay, do not agitate yourself, my dear ma'am," said Mrs. Simpson, who now having disburthened herself of her secret, and her own mortification being perhaps carried off by that of Mrs. Thomas, which acted as a conductor to it, had quite regained her composure; "for my part, I hope he may not repent of his match."

"Oh, Thomas!" exclaimed the other lady, as her husband entered the room, "Here is news for us! my silly old uncle has actually, this very morning, married his maid-servant!"



"That is most confoundingly unlucky," cried Thomas, "though I much doubted whether all your management and maneuvering, for which you gave yourself so much credit, would be to any purpose." But who could dream of such a thing! I have no patience with him for having married as he has done.

"Well, my dear, there's no helping it; and perhaps, after all, since he is married, it is quite as well for us that he has chosen as he has."

While Mrs. Thomas was ejaculating and bewailing—now abusing poor Sally as an artful seducing woman, who, under the mask of the greatest simplicity, had contrived to work upon her uncle's weakness; and anon venting her reproaches against the latter, for suffering himself to be thus duped; a post chaise was seen rolling along on the road to —, with the identical post seated in it, who were the subject of this invective and clamor. The intelligence of which, Mrs. Simpson had been the unwelcome messenger, was, in fact, correct in every particular; for Richard Fogrum, single man, and Sally Sallins, spinster, had that very morning been lawfully united in wedlock, although, but a few days before, had any one prognosticated such an event, they would no more have believed it possible than Mrs. Thomas herself.

"Now, my dear Sally," said the somewhat stale Benedict, laying his hand rather gently than amorously on that of the bride, for which, by the by, it was really no match in size, "I doubt not but my niece will be in a towering passion when she hears of this; however, no matter, let her, and the rest of the world, say what they please. I do not see why a man may not just as well follow his own fancy as those of other persons. Besides, Sally, though folks may think that I might have made a more advantageous match, in point of fortune, at least, they may perhaps be in error. I have a piece of intelligence to communicate, of which perhaps, you little dream. You recollect that lottery ticket? —well! passing the 'Lucky Corner,' by the Mansion House two days ago, I beheld, posted up at the window, 'No. 123, £20,000!!' Ha! ha! Sally; well did I recollect those figures again—one, two, three! they follow each other as naturally as A B C. So home I came, but determined to say nothing of the matter till now."

The reader has already been informed that Sally was the most pugnacious of her sex; still it may be supposed that such an interesting disclosure would have elicited some ejaculation of exultation, even from the lips of a stoic. Yet Sally, with wonderful composure, merely replied, "La! now that is curious!"

"Curious! yes, but I assure you, it is quite true: I am not joking."

"Well, what an odd turn things do sometimes take!"

"Odd, indeed, for who would have thought that my identical unlucky number, 123, should bring you?—I may say us, Sally;—twenty thousand pounds!"

"But, sir, Mr. Fogrum, you are mistaken, I mean to say—"

"No mistake at all, my dear; quite certain of it; look down the numbers in my pocket-book; see here; 123, £20,000! Is that not the number of your ticket?"

"Yes, but—"

"Ent, what?"

"Why, you won't hear me, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally mildly, "I was only going to say that two months ago, I sold the ticket."

"How!—what!—sold?" groaned our poor Fogrum, and sunk gasping against the side of the chaise.

"Now pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally, without the least visible emotion, or any change in her tone; "did you not, yourself, tell me it was not worth keeping; so I thought, 'well, Master must know better about these matters than I, therefore I may as well make something of it while I can; so I changed it away for this here white shawl, which the man said was quite a bargain; only do feel how fine it is!'"

"Sally!—woman!—a bargain!"—twenty thousand pounds!"

Here let me drop the curtain, for none but a master-hand could do justice to the bridegroom's feelings, and I will not impair the effect by attempting to brighten it. I have only to add, that Mr. Fogrum eventually regained his usual composure, and was once known even to relate the story himself over a glass of his best whiskey, as a droll anecdote in his life.

Matrimony made no visible alteration in his manner, nor in his bride, for the only difference it caused with respect to the latter, was, that she sat at table instead of standing by the sideboard; that she was now called Mrs. Fogrum instead of Sally Sallins.

## VARIETY.

**Small Potatoes.** One Rebecca Hoffman, residing at New-Berlin, or in its vicinity, has recovered of the Rev. George Heim, \$100, for a *breach of promise*; a modest woman, with a heart as big as a worn's, who had concealed her misery under a less costly veil than so paltry an award of damages. Five to one, the plaintiff was an ugly termagant—a passionate shrew, without sufficient control over her temper to play the hypocrite through the counting months.

There is a time when the richest women ought to marry; they seldom take slip an opportunity at first, but it costs them a long repentance; the reputation of their fortune seems to decay with that of their beauty. On the contrary, every thing favours the young of that sex, even the men's opinion, who are fond of giving them all the advantages possible to render them still more desirable.

**Genius defined.**—A wit being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

**Auld Robin Gray.** Lady Anne Barnard, who died 1825, sister of the late Earl of Balcarras, and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote the charming song of "Auld Robin Gray." A quarto tract, edited by the Ariosto of the North, and circulated among the members of the "Bannatyne Club," contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two continuations by the same authoress; while the introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the Editor, dated July, 1823, part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:

"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavored to amuse myself by attempting a few peevish trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond: —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophie's air to better words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Harlowe, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am expressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her down to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her old Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow, without too long a pause. Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lured by me, and the song completed. At our friends, and amongst our neighbors, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with, but such was my dread of being suspected of writing any thing, perceiving the shame in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret. Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the 16th and 19th centuries. 'Auld Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and merely a trifle at all. I was persecuted to know whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophie kept my name, and I kept my own, in spite of the reward of horse offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point; and I doubt, and there still exists a flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavored to entrap the truth from me in a manner I look upon. Had he asked me the question of history, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidently. The anonymous, however, of this Antiquarian from the Antiquaries was much more ready to say by the side of the examination of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's' Copyright, as pronounced by those who dwell under my window. It proved its value to me from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I lagged myself in obscurity."

**The Morning Paper.** The following scene passed at our friend's house, the other day, which we record as in no way derogatory to his good temper or taste; and as commendable to our lady.

Mrs. S. "Mr. S. breakfast is ready if you please." Mr. S. "Yes, my dear, 'Here, Theodore, you have not yet brought in the paper, and dried it, and laid it upon the table.' 'Look again, Theodore.' 'Breakfast is on the table if you please, Mr. S.' 'The paper hasn't come, sir.' 'Look at the side door, Theodore.' 'The coffee and toast will get cool, I'm afraid, my dear.' 'In one moment, Mrs. S.; I want to glance my eye over the paper.' 'Not there, sir.' 'Confound the carrier! he is loitering by the way.' 'Some late news, my dear, perhaps, that has delayed the printers; will you please to set down to the table.' 'Yes, Theodore, look again.' 'Your coffee, Mr. S.' 'Not yet come, sir.' 'Run to the office, quick, do you hear, Theodore.' 'The coffee is cold, Mr. S.—but too much—bad flavor.' 'I was afraid it would get cool, my dear. 'Has the boy returned?' 'No, my dear, he has just gone.' 'The toast is burnt, Mrs. S.; the butter is rancid. 'Has the boy returned?' 'Not yet, Mr. S. It is the same butter we have used for the week past, and I have heard no complaint before.' 'Here is the paper, sir.' 'Hand it here.' '(Reads.)—'Late and very important news from Europe. Revolution in &c.'—'Here is a fresh cup, Mr. S.' 'Thank you, my dear, let it cool if you please.' '(Reads.)—'Will you take another piece of toast, Mr. S.' 'Thank you, this is very good.' '(Puts down the paper.)—'This coffee is very fine—the toast is excellent.' 'The paper possesses a wonderful charm, Mr. S.' 'The newspaper! my dear, 'tis the boast and pride of the age! A man awakes in the morning, and the world (Heaven bless the printer) is compressed under the knocker of his door! The movements of the nations are brought to his fire side—the Senate and the field! What has a man to do with eating until he has loitered about him into the world! He who would deny himself the gratification of a morning paper, must be a niggard indeed, and would humiliate his own eyes and walk blindfolded—or hanging upon his neighbor, would as reasonably borrow a fire place. Salem Observer.

**The tables turned.**—A very respectable gentleman was appeared at Westminster Hall, to justify his counsel determined to be very witty upon him, and upon him in the following extraordinary manner:

"Pray, sir, is there not a certain lady who lives with you?"

"Yes, sir, there is."

"Oh, there is! and I suppose, if the truth were known, that lady has been very expensive to you?"

"Yes, sir, that lady has been very expensive to me."

"And I suppose you have had children by that lady, and they too have cost you a good deal of money?"

"Yes, they have."

"And yet you have come here to justify bail to a large amount?"

"The counsel thought he had now done enough to prevent the confidence of the court being placed in the gentleman; when the latter rising, his voice indignantly said, 'It is true, Mr. Counselor, that there is a lady living with me, but that lady is my wife; we have been married these fifteen years, and have children; and whoever has a wife and children will find them expensive.'"

**No alternative.**—A porter passing near Temple-bar, with a load on his shoulders, having unintentionally jostled a man who was going that way, the fellow gave the porter a violent box on the ear, upon which a gentleman passing exclaimed, "Why, my friend, will you take that?"

"Take it," replied the porter, rubbing his cheek, "don't you see he has given it to me?"

## From Hood's Annual. FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Never go to France,  
Unless you know the lingo,  
If you do like me,  
You will repeat by jingo.  
Staring like a fool,  
And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood alone,  
A nation with a dummy!

Choixes and le chais,  
They christen letters *Belles*,  
They call their mothers *mères*,  
And all their daughters *filles*;  
Strange it was to hear,  
I tell you what's a good'un,  
They call their leather *gaiters*,  
And half their shoes are wooden.

Sizes I had to make,  
For every little nation,  
Lambs all going like  
A telegraph in motion,  
For wine I need about,  
To show my meaning fully,  
And make a pair of hors,  
And ask for 'feed and lardy!'

Most I tried for milk;  
I got my sweet things stranger,  
When I was at the counter,  
'Twas understood for sugar,  
If I wanted bread,  
My jaws I set a going  
And asked for new lodgers,  
By clapping hands and crowing!  
If I wished a ride,  
I'll tell you how I got it;  
On my stick astride,  
I made believe to trot it.  
Then their coach was strange,  
It cost me every minute;  
Now here's a bag to change  
How many sars are in it!

On Thursday night last, the town of Stafford was thrown into considerable alarm in consequence of the following dreadful occurrences.—It appears that a Mr. Henry Stringer, of the Diglake, had been for some time past paying his addresses to a Miss Ward daughter of Mrs. Ward, of the Jolly Crafts, Broad-eye. On Monday last Mr. Stringer waited on the lady's mother, and is supposed to have solicited her consent to their union, to which she positively refused. It appears they were known to have been together the same night, at which time they no doubt came to the dreadful resolve of committing self-destruction. On Tuesday night Mr. Stringer retired to rest at his usual hour, but, in a short time, his mother heard something fall in the room. She immediately went to ascertain the cause, when she found her unfortunate son weltering in his blood, and so effectually was the wound inflicted on the jugular, that he died before medical aid could arrive. On the following morning Miss Ward was also found dead in her bed. The supposition is, that she had taken poison; to ascertain which, the body was to be opened for examination on Thursday when a coroner's inquest was to be held on both. Miss Ward was only sixteen years of age, and Mr. Stringer twenty-four.

**Interesting to the Ladies.** The Journal of Health strongly recommends simple soap and water, as the best wash for preserving the complexion, instead of a thousand varieties of cosmetic lotions, which are so much used. The five beautifiers of the skin, viz:—personal cleanliness, regular exercise, temperance, pure air, and cheerful temper; let all aspiring beauties ponder on this. The Journal puts its *rejoice* on the use of distilled liquor, Cologne water, &c. and insists that, to use them for a wash, is to destroy the suppleness, transparency and smoothness of the skin, and to cover it with unsightly blotches.

## OH! STEAL THOU NOT MY PART AWAY.

By Charles Calverne Lyons.

"Oh! steal not from my faith away,  
Nor tempt to doubt the trusting mind;—  
Let all that earth can yield deny;  
But love's heavenly light shed abroad,—  
Our life is but a meteor gleam,  
Laid up and burning in gloom;—  
A dying lamp that burns,  
Quenched in the cold and silent tomb."

"Yet if, as body men have said,  
There lies beyond that dreary bourne  
Some region where the faithful dead  
Eternally forget to mourn;  
Welcome the soul, the sword, the chain,  
The burning wheel, the black abyss;—  
I shrink not from the path of pain,  
Which endeth in a world like this."

"But, oh! if all that nerves us here,  
When grief assails and sorrow stings,  
Exist but in a shadowy spleen;  
Of body's weak imaginings;  
If hopes, though cherished long and deep,  
Be cold and less than mere;—  
Then welcome that eternal sleep,  
Which knoweth not of dreams like these."

"Yet hush! thou troubled heart! be still;  
Remember the vain pain—  
Life, meaning in the empty hall,  
The light of truth will break on thee;  
Go—search the poet's depths of sage—  
Go—aspire from the radiant sky;  
And learn from them, mistaken sage!  
The glorious way—'Thou shalt not die!'"

The man who is in pain to know what alteration time and age have made in him, needs only to consult the eyes of the fair one he addresses, and by the tone of her voice as she talks with him; he will learn what he fears to know. But O! how hard a lesson!

Our pleasures are, for the most part, short, false and deceitful: and like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of one hour, with the sad repentance of many.

**Lawyers vs. Judges.** A gentleman who had resided in India as a Judge of one of the English courts there, was present when it was observed, that in some parts of the United States there was so much more talent at the bar than on the bench, that the lawyers often succeeded in puzzling the court. "Sir," replied he, "that must be the fault of the court itself in not preserving a proper discipline; when I first sat in India, I found the native lawyers very cunning fellows, and that I had no chance with them; they puzzled me two or three times a day. This was no trifle to a bilious temperament in a hot climate. At length I hit upon a plan for preventing it. Whenever I found one of those lawyers attempting to puzzle the court, I immediately ordered him down, and had him bastinadoed on the sides of his feet. In less than a week they were all thoroughly cured, and I decided my cases very comfortably during my whole judicial residence in India, besides avoiding the liver complaint and cholera morbus."

**Wedding Gourmande.** A few days ago a party met for the purpose of celebrating the wedding of one of the home-bred aristocrats of Sheffield, when, lo and behold, twenty-five red herrings, a pound of treacle, thirteen oat cakes, a shilling loaf of bread, and a fair allowance of ale, astonished the longing eyes of the invited guests. However, after a good deal of licking of lips, this range myriad of "savory and sweet" suddenly disappeared.

## ON MISS LONG.

She was a beautiful young lady; but so short, that she was, when alive, called the Pocket Venus. Her epitaph concluded, alluding to her size; Though long, yet short; Though short, yet long.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise; one glance from the fair fixes and determines us.

[For the Constellation.]

## DIVERSITY OF COUNTENANCE.

The diversity of the human countenance, is a standing wonder, introduced into conversation like the state of the weather, when the company have nothing else to say. Fious persons, consider it a wise allotment of providence; preventing knaves from getting every thing into their own hands, &c. Indeed, a lawyer, who is to take a rogue and do the best he can for him, would have but little trouble if he could prove, that somebody else who looked exactly like him, was at the same time in the same place. How provoking it would be to have one's reputation depending on the conduct of some half-dozen perverts? A new kind of Temperance Societies would then have to be formed, by those resembling one another, the present would not answer. Notwithstanding, all the wisdom which may be expended on this subject by some, there are others, lovers of fun, who will obstinately persist in laughing at some of the variations on Adam's physiognomy: a philosopher who considered this subject as a philosopher should considered it, gravely, contrived a way to prevent queer faces from appearing among the next generation; it was, to have moulds made of different sizes, and handsome shape, to be worn by infants and children: thus, forcing the features to grow properly. If this was tried, and succeeded, its success was kept a secret; but, perhaps, the modeller waits till some of his proteges are grown when he will appear, get a patent, and astonish the world.

Peter, a phrenologist, who has great faith in his art, confesses of late, that though he can tell a person's disposition by the shape of his face and head, he can by no means tell his business. We has a friend John, who argues strongly, that like a dream it must be taken by contraries. To prove this, he desired Peter when they were recently walking together to guess the occupation of the persons they met, who were known to him, but strangers to Peter. The first subject they came across was a large fine-looking person. Peter took him at once for a military man, but instead of being an officer of war, he worthily discharged the duties of Justice of the peace; the next was a little man, who but for the richness of his dress would have been supposed half-starved; as this was not observed in the examination of his face, he was pronounced not to have any particular business, and this was true, for he had always rolled in wealth; another with a grave and sedate face appeared to Peter to be a minister; he was a comic actor of eminence. Though almost discouraged, he determined to try one more and succeeded with a musician; though he did not look as if there was music in his soul, yet his face was drawn in a knowing way, not to be imitated by one of another craft. The last one tried and unsuccessfully, was a tall and gaunt man; Peter supposed him a farmer (though after hearing his name, he thought he recollected seeing a little rogery in his eye); it was neither more nor less than our redoubtable friend Enoch Timbertoes, who speculates a "little."

Then Peter quoting the old adage "it's a bad rake that won't work both ways" desired John to take his place and decipher if he could, the occupations of those with whom he was not acquainted, after missing two or three times, he "gave it up," not altogether well pleased with the conundrum. "You see his face; what does he do?"

**Colloquials of a Kentucky Man.**—<sup>4</sup> He believed that the best qualities of all countries were centered in Kentucky, but had a whimsical manner of expressing his national attachments. He was firmly convinced that the battle of the Thames was the most sanguinary conflict of the age, and extolled Colonel J—n as 'a severe colt.' He would admit that Napoleon was a great genius but insisted that he was no 'part of a priming' to Amos Kendall. When entirely 'at himself'—to use his own language,—that is to say, when duly sober, Pete was friendly and rational, and a better tempered soul never shouldered a rifle. But let him get a dram too much, and there was no end to his extravagance. It was then that he would slap his hands together, spring perpendicularly into the air with the activity of a rope-dancer; and, after uttering a yell which the most accomplished Winelago might be proud to own, swear that he was the 'best man' in the country, and could 'ride through a crap-apple orchard on a streak of lightning.'—*Stories of American Life.*

**Abbotsford.** Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott, is a Gothic structure of irregular form, with towers, and pinnacles, and battlements—plenty of variety without, and abundance of convenience within—the fair tweed running beside it; the magnificent ruins of Melrose rising at a great distance; while the Eldon Hills, close in three by the magic of Old Michael, are in the neighborhood. All around too, the battle fields, and hills and streams renowned in song and story. In the interior there is a fine armoury, exhibiting all kinds of old Scottish mail and weapons; and a splendid library, of which one curious corner contains three or four hundred strange volumes on witchcraft and demonology. A marble bust by Chantry, of Scott himself—a present from the artist—stands in the library. All the nations of the earth are by this time acquainted with this fine work of art. Two thousand were surreptitiously shipped to America, and fifteen hundred to the West Indies, during one year, and multitudes to other parts of the world. It would require a volume to describe all the curiosities, ancient and modern, living and dead, which are here gathered together.

**The "Life" in an Oyster.** The liquor in oyster contains incredible multitudes, of small embryos, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of these in a row would extend one inch. Beside these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animals culled, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light. The list of inhabitants, however, does not conclude here, for besides last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worms, called the oyster worm, found in oysters half an inch in length, which shine like the glow-worms. The sea-star, the cockle and the muscle are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell when they gape, and sucks them out.

When the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow side downwards, but when it ebbs they turn on the other side. **Query:** How do those manage it that are attached to rocks? Do they, like a cunning politician, go with the tide? What a moral might be drawn from the economy of the oyster! The loose ones, it seems, are always "on the fence."

The following is taken from the Warrenton (Fankler Co. Va.) Gazette:

**CHIEF JUSTICE.**—We are concerned to hear a report that the venerable Chief Justice of the United States' Court, has notified the President that as soon as he gets through the business of the present term of the Supreme Court, he will, from his increasing indisposition, tender his resignation of an office that he has filled with so much benefit to his country and credit to himself, for more than thirty years. We should be pleased to have an opportunity to correct this report, but we fear it is too true.

We pray Heaven to avert from the country so great a calamity as this paragraph denounces. Considering where it makes its appearance, in a neighborhood where Judge MARSHALL has many and very near connections, it has a fearful air of truth about it. National Intelligence.

#### ROBERT LOVETT,

Seal engraver on Stone or Metals, 67 Maiden Lane.

**COATS of arms.** Initials, emblematic subjects engraved on Stone. Notarial, Consular, and all office seals engraved on Stone, Brass or Silver. Visiting Cards engraved and printed. Books of Heraldry for the inspection of customers, the armorial bearings of over 100,000 names. March 26. 1y19

#### BROADWAY HOTEL.

**THE** Long Room attached to Broadway Hotel, No. 601 Broadway, and extending to Houston street, 50 by 80 feet, is the largest room in the Eighth Ward, and is now to let for Military or Ward Meetings, Debating Societies, and Cotillion Parties. Apply at the bar. March 26. 1f19

#### THE CONSTELLATION.

A PAPER DEVOTED TO LIGHT LITERATURE, ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE NEWS. PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

This publication has now been established more than a year, and the objects proposed, and the course pursued, are too well known to require a word from us on that subject. Our only design at present is to solicit that increase of patronage which we trust our work deserves, and which we shall continue our endeavors to merit.

Testimonials in favor of the CONSTELLATION are daily returning upon us, in the shape of numberless requests for exchange from our brothers of the press, in flattering notices of its quality, and copious extracts from its pages. But with all these demonstrations of regard which delight the ear and please the eye, some more tangible proof of admiration—a proof which especially commends itself to the sense of feeling, in the shape of silver dollars or bank bills, accompanying the command—"SEND ME YOUR PAPER!"—would be most acceptable.

In saying this, we would not be understood as complaining of a want of patronage. On the contrary, we are bound to say it is very flattering, and is steadily on the increase. But, like a man who impatiently watches the growth of a young and thrifty elm, which is to afford him shelter and comfort, we wish it to increase faster.

The form of the CONSTELLATION was changed at the commencement of the present volume, from the folio to the quarto, which renders it convenient for preservation and binding. It is also printed on a larger sheet than during the first year. With these improvements and the engagement of an additional Editor of acknowledged talent, we cannot help thinking our paper at the low price of three dollars, as well worthy of patronage as any other now before the public.

LORD & BARTLETT.

New-York, March 26, 1831.

N. B.—Country Editors, by inserting the above Prospectus, and procuring two or three subscribers, shall be entitled to an exchange for one year. L. & B.

#### GERMAN DRUG & CHEMICAL STORE, 377 Broadway one door below White-street.

**THE** Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has opened his Store for the sale of Drugs and Chemicals. He has received from Europe the choicest assortment of medicines, and other articles in his line, which he can confidently recommend as pure and genuine; such as musk in complete pods, Libanum Castor, all Narcotic Extracts, Fat and Essential Oils, as Cod Oil, oil of Fern, Camomile and Valerian, &c. &c. Prussic and Saccharic acid, Turkey Rhubarb, German Camomile Flowers, &c. &c. Family medicines, Physicians prescriptions, and medicine chests for Seamen can be furnished at the shortest notice, and the fullest reliance can be placed on the superior quality of all articles of this kind which may be ordered. He has also a complete collection of all the materials used by Chemists and Professors, for Experiments in Natural Philosophy, including many of the rarest and most difficult preparations, such as Sodium, Bromine, Cadmium, Selenium, Carburet of Sulphur, Potassium, &c. &c. he also keeps on hand an extensive assortment of mineral and Instruments and apparatuses necessary for mineralogists and Naturalists, and he can supply them in sets or single specimens of rare kinds as may be required, from the superior quality of his Drugs and the reasonable rates at which he offers them, Physicians and Dealers generally will find it to their advantage to examine his assortment and favor him with their orders.

LEWIS TEUCHTANGER.

March 26. 1y

#### UNPARALLELED!

**BE** Both the Capital Prize sold at WAITE'S yesterday, viz: No 3 33 56, the highest prize 30,000 dollars; also No 5 10 61, the next highest prize, 15,000 were both sold at WAITE'S on the day of drawing; and it must be fresh in the minds of every one, that the \$20,000 and \$10,000 a few days since, were also sold at WAITE'S.

**JOHN HUTCHINSON** having returned to the Eagle Tavern, corner of Washington and Robinson streets, begs to inform his friends and the public in general, he intends conducting the same on those original principles which have heretofore gained him their liberal support.

The Eagle Tavern is situated in one of the most decidedly healthy parts of the city, commanding a beautiful view of the Jersey shore; and, being on the North River side, while it benefits from the open air offers immense convenience to travellers, being close to travellers, being close to the steam navigation, Boats arriving at and departing daily from its immediate vicinity.

J. H. further begs to observe, that every attention is paid to the cleanliness of his sleeping rooms which for comfort and healthiness cannot be surpassed by any similar establishment in New-York.

His table is liberally supplied with every thing in season, and no expense has been spared to afford Wines and spirits of the first quality, at the most reasonable charge.

Gentlemen store keepers and others, as permanent boarders, will be accommodated for a very moderate expense.

N. B. Pale Ale and Brown Stout by the barrel.

#### LIVERY STABLE, 661 BROADWAY.

**A. BROWER** informs his friends and the public, that he can supply them with Horses and Carriages of any description at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms. m26 6m

#### GLOVES.

**D. O. CAULKINS**, 56, Maiden Lane, has just received an extensive assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's Gloves, among which are Bondard of the best quality, for sale cheap, at wholesale and retail.

#### UMBRELLAS,

A fresh assortment just received of the following kinds:

Brown Taffeta finished in the best style  
Do do French manufacture  
Sinchew, green, blue and brown, various sizes  
Florence and Sarsnet do  
Scotch and English gingham do, metal tubes  
Common cotton do, whalebone frames.

The above are just manufactured and are offered at the lowest market prices at wholesale and retail, March 26. 1f19

#### DENTAL SURGERY.

**IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.**—A. C. CASTLE, Dental Surgeon, solicits the attention of the public to his celebrated cement for filling decayed teeth, the quality of which is—while it effects a permanent cure to the toothache, arrests the progress of decay by forming a hard and durable enamel with the tooth.

Mr. A. C. C. manufacturer of imitation human incorruptible Teeth, recommends the attention of his friends and the public to those beautiful imitation Teeth, being made of the best materials. He will guarantee them to be of the first quality. They possess decided advantages over other artificial substances. They do not decay, change colour, or cause diseased gums, and may be had in every variety of shade or colour to correspond with the other teeth, which, with natural, human, and all kinds of teeth, from a single tooth through all the gradations of numbers to an entire set, inserted on a new and improved plan. His method accomplishes all the important objects of the art, in mastication, articulation, appearance, and preserving the natural form of the mouth; and when fixed in the mouth, is warranted to set on the most unerring principles of adhesion. It is equally applicable in cases now deemed difficult, and requires no painful operations. Every operation concerning the mouth and teeth performed according to the most modern and improved method of dental surgery.

Mr. A. C. C. fastens loose teeth, whether arising from age, neglect, mercury, or diseases of the gums; to the latter he will give a tone of elasticity and firmness as in the most healthy persons.

\* Artificial Roofs or Palates made or replaced with the greatest nicety, and deficiency in speech rectified where arising from physical derangement, or organic affection.

N. P. Will be shortly published a Treatise on the Physiology, Anatomy, and Diseases of the Teeth. 280 Broadway, m26 Next door to the Washington Hotel.

**NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY.** Class No. 4, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Thursday, the 31st of March, 1831, at a quarter past four o'clock P. M. 60 number Lottery—9 drawn ballots.

1	Prize of	\$10,000	is	\$10,000
1	-	10,000	-	10,000
1	-	10,000	-	10,000
1	-	4,270	-	4,270
5	-	1,000	-	5,000
10	-	500	-	5,000
10	-	300	-	3,000
20	-	200	-	4,000
35	-	100	-	3,500
51	-	50	-	2,550
51	-	40	-	2,040
51	-	30	-	3,360
51	-	25	-	2,040
102	-	120	-	2,40
1530	-	10	-	15,300
11475	-	5	-	57,375

13395 amounting to \$136,880

YATES & MINTYRE, Managers.

\* Of which 1250 dollars payable in Albany lands.

#### WONDERFUL!

SYLVESTER, 130 BROADWAY, New-York.

official drawing of the New York Consolidated Lottery, regular Class, No. 3, for 1831, March 10.

**MORE SUCCESS. Ever and all lucky**

Sylvester has done wonders.

20 45 56 51 13 32 16 23 28 60

Three Capitals sold at Sylvesters.

It should be remembered I have no connexion with any other person in New-York. Orders (which must meet the same attention as on personal application) must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York. This is requisite to prevent imposition.

The following splendid Lotteries will next be drawn:

Every ticket a Prize—one number will receive \$10

March 17, Extra No. 5, 30,000, 15,000, 10,000, \$10

" 24, " 6, 25,000, 10,000, 5,000, 5

" 31, Regular, 4, three prizes of \$10,000, 10

April 7, Extra Class 7, (a rare and superior Lottery,) only 17,000 Tickets, capital 30,000, 10

" 14, 15,000, 5

" 21, 30,000, 10

**THE Reporter and Counterfeit Detector** is published by Sylvester, every Thursday evening. It contains Price Current; news of the week; Bank Note Table; Counterfeit Detector; List of broken Banks, and much useful information to the merchant, traders, &c. 150 per annum. Single copies 6-14 cents.

N. B. Those who deal with Sylvester are entitled to the Reporter gratis. March 12



#### W. & L. COLLINS,

67 MAIDEN-LANE.

**MANUFACTURERS** of Gold and Silver Spectacles, Thimbles and Pens, and dealers in Fancy Goods and fine Cutlery.

Spectacles repaired, and Glasses fitted to old frames.

**BROADWAY COFFEE HOUSE**, 616 Broadway, two doors from Bleecker-street, **RANDOLL'S HARMONIC PARTY** will take place on Monday evening next, **March 28, 1831.** Admittance 12 1-2 cents, with a Refreshment Ticket.

To commence at half past 7 o'clock. W. R. assures the residents of the upper part of the city, that a rational evening's entertainment will be afforded to such as patronise him. Songs and Glees will be introduced by several professors, and arrangements will be made, if encouraged in his exertion to combine musical talent of a superior order for that evening during the season.

**FANCY ARTICLES.**—At **BOURNE'S** Establishment, 359 Broadway, a great variety of fine Fancy Articles, of superior quality, can at all times be found, at very reasonable prices. Amongst the articles suited to the present season, is almost every variety of Fire Screens of admired patterns, beautifully embellished with fruits, flowers, figures, birds, game, &c. which are well worthy the attention of the Ladies. The usual variety of fine Engravings, fashionable Music, fine Note and Letter Paper, &c. Feb. 12

**THE** subscriber would inform the public, that he continues to manufacture **BOSTON CRACKERS**, at his old stand, No. 231 DELANCEY, corner of Wall-street, in a superior manner, and the only establishment where they are made, as they should be, in this city. He has got up this business at a great expense and labor, and hopes, together with his former exertions, and his future attention to the business, he shall merit the patronage of a generous public. **WILLIAM BOND**, Agent. Feb. 12 6m

#### CONE'S ANTIDOTE.

**FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.** **THIS** Medicine, once so highly celebrated for the cure of that distressing disorder, the whooping cough, has long lain in obscurity, as it was supposed that the secret of its compound had expired with its inventor, Dr. Cone. But a receipt has lately been discovered by one of his descendants, who, profiting by the circumstance, has prepared and, after numerous trials of its efficacy, now offers it to the public. It may be taken with the most perfect safety by children under any circumstances, no mercury being employed in its composition. The proprietor, however, deems it useless to comment upon its virtues, and desires those who are afflicted with the disorder to make trial and judge for themselves. Price 50 cents. Sold only at the following places—**DR. H. CUTTER THORPE**, 399 Broadway.

#### MUSIC FROM CINDERELLA.

**JUST** published the following Select Songs, &c. from this charming Opera, viz:—"When morning's sweets is flinging," sung by Mr. Jones; "Once a King there changed to be," sung by Mrs. Austin, in the chimney corner scene; "Let time eyes on mine mildly beam," the exquisite duet sung by Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones; "Grand March from Cinderella," by Pons. The above choice pieces are published and sold by **BOURNE**, at his very cheap and fashionable music, stationary and fancy goods store, 359 Broadway.

Will be published in a few days the celebrated Tyrolienne, sung by Mrs. Austin and chorus, with the variations for the voice, the arrangement, and the variations composed by Signor G. Pons; also, a set of cotillions, embracing the favorite airs in Cinderella, the music arranged by Mr. Pons, and new figures by Mr. Parker, as danced at his Academy with the greatest success. The overture to Cinderella will also be published by Bourne in a few days.

Music of Rokeby—"Oh cease busy fancy," 'Sicilian Knight,' with a vignette. This is one of the most admirable songs recently published. The subject is from Von Webber's Opera of Preciosa. **BOURNE**, 359 Broadway.

#### NOTICE.

**THE** celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beckman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beckman, corner of William-st. Also for sale at No. 9 Bowery.

T. KENSETT.

#### AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson, Assistant P.M. Ballston, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M. Flemingsburg, Ky., John C. Mullan. Ithica, New-York, A. B. Clark. Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thomas. Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rev, P. M. Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville. New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres. Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller. Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P.M. Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, bookseller. Taunton, Mass. Joseph L. Lord, P.M.